

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fourth Series, }
Vol. XXVII. }

No. 1479. — October 12, 1872.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXV. }

CONTENTS.

1. MEMOIRS OF THE MARQUIS OF POMBAL, . . . *Edinburgh Review*, . . . 67
2. THE BURGOMASTER'S FAMILY; OR, WEAL AND WOE
IN A LITTLE WORLD. By Christine Müller.
Translated from the Dutch by Sir John Shaw
Lefevre. Part IV., . . . *Fraser's Magazine*, . . . 87
3. GEORGE ELIOT. — *Scenes of Clerical Life. Adam
Bede. The Mill on the Floss. Silas Mar-
ner. Romola. Jubal. Armgarth. Felix
Holt. The Spanish Gypsy. Middlemarch,* *Contemporary Review*, . . . 100
4. OFF THE SKELLIGS. By Jean Ingelow. Part XVII, *Saint Pauls*, . . . 110
5. THE LESSON OF THE SAINT BARTHOLOMEW, . . . *Pall Mall Gazette*, . . . 113
6. RELICS, *Saturday Review*, . . . 119
7. THE PHILOSOPHY OF COURT LIFE, . . . *Pall Mall Gazette*, . . . 122
8. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE, . . . *Athenæum*, . . . 124
9. DANISH EXPEDITION TO THE FAROES, . . . *Nature*, . . . 127

POETRY.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| THE SUMMERS LONG AGO, 66 | VOICES IN THE AIR, 66 |
| A SUMMER STORM, 66 | |

MISCELLANY.

- | | |
|---|---|
| INSECT LIFE IN A COAL PIT, 86 | PERMANENT SHADE FOR GLASS HOUSES, . . . 128 |
|---|---|

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the *LIVING AGE* will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year, nor when we have to pay commission for forwarding the money; nor when we club *THE LIVING AGE* with another periodical.

An extra copy of *THE LIVING AGE* is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers. Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

THE SUMMERS LONG AGO.

O for those merry, merry times,
 When England's pleasant vales
 Were musical with May-morn chimes
 And songs of nightingales!
 When kingcups smiled through early dew
 And daisies loved to blow,
 The sweet and sunny times we knew
 In summers long ago.

O wearisome and dreary days,
 O cold and blighting air!
 Where are the olden roundels
 That lightened half our care?
 The cuckoo is a silent bird,
 To sing the lark is slow,
 O for the warblings that we heard
 In summers long ago!

The youth forsakes the trysting stile,
 The maid forgets her vow,
 And minstrels pine to see the smile
 That nature lacketh now.
 Are love and song to die? Alas!
 Shine, sun, with golden glow,
 And give the glory as we pass
 Of summers long ago!

Good Words.

A SUMMER STORM.

As smileless morn, beneath a thorn,
 A humble primrose grew,
 Its lovely face blink'd frae the place,
 While loud the north wind blew.

Frae off the fell it came sae snell,
 It gar'd a' nature blink;
 The modest flow'r laughed at the show'r
 That gar'd a' nature shrink.

The joyless day to pass away,
 Baith heartless bird and beast —
 While driving rains swept o'er the plains —
 Ran to the shelter fast.

The thorn sae auld wi' age was bald,
 Fou many a blast had borne,
 Through its bare boughs the loud wind soughs,
 Wi' a' its branches torn.

Beneath its shade, which now did fade,
 The modest primrose smiled,
 And a' was rest within its breast,
 Though a' without was wild.

Some humble bard, like it so starred,
 Unseen, unheard, unkenn'd;
 His fortune, too, bare as the bough,
 That doth it shelter lend.

Once a Week.

VOICES IN THE AIR.

Ort in the pleasant talk of waking dreams,
 I hold communion with the woods and streams,
 Speak to the garrulous trees when winds blow
 high,
 And hear responses 'twixt the earth and sky;
 I ask old Ocean when he chafes and rolls,
 Whether he chides, rejoices, or condoles,
 And hear, with sympathy I deem divine,
 His awful voice make answer back to mine.

Beside the boulder on the rocky shore,
 Forlorn old relic of the days of yore,
 Ere earth was trod by foot of human kind,
 I hear the wandering whispers of the wind;
 Voices like Memnon's in the olden day,
 That breathed soft music to the morning ray,
 And spoke of mysteries to wondering men,
 Within their hope, but far beyond their ken.

And all the voices, all the sounds and sighs,
 The half-formed questions and the mute replies,
 Breathe but one mingled hymn, and psalm, and
 song
 Which day and night, and morn and eve pro-
 long,

In waves of music rippling low and clear,
 Unheard but of the mind that seeks to hear,
 One psalm sublime, around, beneath, above,
 Words of a myriad meanings, God is Love.

All The Year Round.

From The Edinburgh Review.

MEMOIRS OF THE MARQUIS OF POMBAL.*

A NATURAL sentiment prompts the Portuguese of the present generation to revive the history of the remarkable man whose name gives a title to this article. Citizens of a state which, shorn of those vast continental possessions that alone gave it the consideration it once enjoyed, they may well turn with complacent admiration to the period when the affairs of their country were administered by a statesman who arrested its course down to the easy slope of national decline, and who instituted an important policy which was imitated by the ministers of far greater and more powerful nations. The present, too, is the most favourable moment that has yet occurred for a calm and impartial consideration of the public life of this great Minister. Party-spirit in the physical and political atmosphere of Portugal is apt to engender a degree of heat almost unknown to our colder latitude and calmer manners. Hitherto Pombal has been the victim of two opposite sets of biographers and historians. By the one he has been so overpraised as to render his name ridiculous; by the other he has been so fiercely attacked that he is sometimes almost denied the name of a human being. A man who in a nation of devotees made a successful attack upon a powerful religious fraternity, will readily be believed to have drawn upon himself a vast amount of pious hostility; and it is chiefly as the destroyer of the Jesuits that his name escapes the oblivion which completely hides the long array of his predecessors and successors in office.

Before beginning our examination of the public life of Pombal, we have a word to say concerning the several works the titles of which stand at the head of this paper. Some of these need not detain us long. The first upon our list, the "*Mémoires de S. J. Carvalho*," published in French in 1784, not long after the Minister's death, has generally—and with every appearance of probability—been attributed to the Jesuits. From a remark in one of the notes of the first volume (p. 19), it appears that the work had originally been published in Italian, and we possess a copy of it in that language which bears the date of 1781. Though by no means without value as an historical sketch, it is yet so bitterly hostile to the Minister whose career it recounts, that the statements it contains must invariably be received with the greatest caution. The only measures of Pombal which it does not denounce—which, indeed, it heartily commends as "just and wise"—are those of his extraordinary commercial and economical policy, which, at the present day, are almost unanimously condemned as vicious in principle and disastrous in result. The bitterness with which the subject of the "*Mémoires*" is assailed is sustained throughout, and such is the weakness of human nature, on that account perhaps the book will be found to be by no means unpleasant reading. Mr. Smith's "*Memoirs of the Marquis of Pombal*," and the Count of Carnota's "*Marquis of Pombal*," are two editions of the same work, the author having received a Portuguese title of nobility in the interval between the publication of the first and second editions. The work is in reality an undiscriminating defence of the Marquis; and though it contains some interesting documents, both public and private, not printed elsewhere, it has no real historical value. Of the work of the Baron de Septenville, the most favourable thing that can be said is that it is printed in very clear type upon excellent paper, and that it contains a good photograph of a well-known portrait of Pombal at the beginning, and an approximately correct* genealogy of

* 1. *Memoires de Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho et Melo, Comte d'Oeyras, Marquis de Pombal, Secrétaire d'Etat et Premier Ministre du Roi de Portugal, Joseph I.* 4 vols 12mo. 1784.

2. *Memoirs of the Marquis de Pombal.* By JOHN SMITH, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1843.

3. *Historia do Reinado de El-Rei D. Jose e da Administracao do Marquez de Pombal.* Por SIMAO JOSE DA LUZ SORIANO. 2 vols. 8vo. Lisbon: 1867.

4. *Etude historique sur le Marquis de Pombal.* Par le Baron EDOUARD DE SEPTENVILLE. Bruxelles: 1868.

5. *Le Marquis de Pombal, Esquisse de sa Vie publique.* Par FRANCISCO LUIZ GOMES, Deputé aux Cortes de Portugal. Lisbonne: 1869.

6. *The Marquis of Pombal.* By the COUNT OF CAENOTA. 2nd Edition, 8vo. London: 1871.

* In it he places the Marquis's birth in January instead of in May, and there is a discrepancy of

the Carvalho family at the end. It throws no light whatever upon the history of Pombal. The remaining works upon our list are of a very different character. That of Senhor da Luz Soriano is, as he tells us in his preface, a kind of preliminary to another work, relating the history of the establishment of the present form of parliamentary government in Portugal. Rightly judging that the efforts of Pombal to break the power of the nobles and destroy the influence of the Church, as well as his attempts, mistaken though they unquestionably were, to improve the commerce of his country, were causes more or less direct of the growth of liberal feeling in Portugal, he considered that the history of Portuguese parliamentary institutions would be incomplete without an account of his administration. His principal authorities were a work called "*L'Administration du Marquis de Pombal*," a reply to the "*Mémoires*" noticed above, and an anonymous and unpublished life of the statesman written in Portuguese. He has besides made considerable use of hitherto unpublished documents existing in the archives of the various ministries at Lisbon. The work is composed in a painstaking and conscientious manner, but its style is dry and laboured. It is filled with sentences of almost interminable length (not, by the way, an unusual feature of modern Portuguese literature), and as the author is a permanent official in the civil service of his country, it would appear that his literary style had been developed in the frequent composition of abstracts and State papers. He is great upon all questions of historical upholstery, and relates with the zealous accuracy of an antiquary or herald the details of state ceremonials, such as took place on the death of a sovereign or the inauguration of a statue. He usually takes a just view of Pombal's measures, though he does not appear to us to estimate at its true value his economical policy, some of the worst features of which he almost commends. On the whole we are inclined to believe that Senhor Soriano's work is of sufficient value to gain a place amid the honourable three days between the date of his death as stated in the genealogy and in the text.

obscurity of the upper shelves, amongst those valuable but uninteresting works "which no (Portuguese) gentleman's library should be without."

The volume of Senhor Gomès is undoubtedly the most valuable addition to the literature of the subject which has yet appeared. Written in French, it is accessible to a far larger class of readers than if it had appeared in Portuguese. It is not so much a history, as a critical examination, of the different portions of Pombal's administration. It boldly denounces, and in many cases clearly points out the disastrous effects of, his mischievous meddling with trade, and his general ignorance of the true principles of political economy. Not satisfied with what was to be found in any existing work on the subject, the author has drawn his information from hitherto almost unnoticed sources. He has searched the correspondence of the foreign ministers at Lisbon, the archives of the different departments of the government, and the documents in the library at Evora, for authority for all the statements which he advances. The consequence is that he has thrown a flood of light upon many important, and previously imperfectly understood, events: particularly the negotiations with Rome for the suppression of the Jesuits, the rehabilitation of the persons accused of conspiring against the life of King Joseph, and the judicial interrogation to which Pombal was subjected towards the close of his life. It will be seen that we have largely availed ourselves of his labours in these particulars, which have certainly resulted in presenting those events under a totally different aspect from what they had borne before. He strikes us as having formed a somewhat erroneous estimate of the state of his country during the reign of John V., which is at variance with that of every writer whom we have consulted, and even with his own admissions in several parts of his work. The book unfortunately has been very carelessly printed, especially as to dates. But these blemishes do not take away from its value — its very great value we will venture to call it — as an examination of Pombal's career. To this examination we shall ourselves now proceed.

A knowledge of the condition of Portugal during the reign of John V., from 1708 to 1750, is necessary to a right understanding of the political history of Pombal. The story of that reign, too, is full of striking lessons. It is a record of squandered treasures, of ruined commerce, of crushed enterprise, of voluntary and unconditional surrenders to superstition. The character of the King seemed made up of an odd combination of affectations. He affected the magnificence of the earlier, and the piety of the later years of Louis XIV., and the scandalous debauchery of Louis XV. at the same time. He built Mafra, the Portuguese Versailles. He covered the country with monasteries and introduced priests into his government, whilst in the convent of Odivellas he had a copy of the infamous *Parc-aux-Cerfs*. He was always making costly vows when anything he desired seemed beyond his reach. Mafra was the result of a vow made in the hope of having an heir. He aspired to raise Lisbon to be a sort of second Rome. Its archbishop was elevated to the rank of Patriarch. Its chapter became a kind of Sacred College, of which every member held the rank of bishop, and wore the scarlet robes of a cardinal; an extravagant folly which cost eighty thousand pounds sterling a year. He built the gorgeous Chapel of St. John the Baptist in the Church of San Roque in Lisbon, which, though only seventeen feet long by twelve broad, cost a sum equal to two hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds. Its beautiful mosaics having escaped the ravages of the earthquake, the great fire, and the French under Junot, still remain the delight of every visitor. The apparently inexhaustible treasures of Brazil did not suffice to meet his spendthrift extravagance. It is calculated that during the first half of the eighteenth century a hundred millions sterling were drawn from that rich country in diamonds and precious metals alone. At John's death he left his country three millions sterling in debt. New palaces, new churches, new convents, enormous presents to Rome, had dissipated the wealth brought over in fleets of galleons. It is declared that his gifts to the Church

and to the Court of Rome exceeded sixteen millions sterling. The exchequer became so impoverished that some members of the Royal Family actually received their allowances in copper. The financial administration of the country fell into the most complete disorder. An early act of Pombal as minister was the reduction of twenty-two thousand tax-gatherers. Manufactures, even of the ruder fabrics, scarcely existed in the country. In the early part of the reign the war with Spain had rendered it necessary to look to the national defences. As soon it was over they were neglected. The peaceful and luxurious disposition of the King prevented attention being paid to military affairs. The army became disorganized. Even in Lisbon its sentinels begged openly in the streets. Men holding the rank of captain were actually seen waiting at the tables of the *grandees*. Guns honey-combed from age fell from their carriages in the crumbling fortresses. The treasure-fleets became almost the sole representatives of the Portuguese navy. The successors of Bartolomé Diaz, of Vasco da Gama, and of Magalhaens had descended to the ignoble duty of escorting cargoes of gold and silver. Literature had sunk to the lowest level. Books of devotion and legendary lives of saints formed the greater part of the works which issued from the press. In the country of Camoëns and Antonio Ferreira poetry had degenerated into mere translations from French and Italian authors. John, to be sure, founded an academy of history, but it chiefly tended to promote a taste for French historical literature. Eight hundred convents covered the surface of the small country of Portugal. It is asserted that one-tenth of the whole population prayed and idled within their walls. A spirit of contempt for honest industry spread amongst the people and took deep root. Their "hewers of wood and drawers of water" then were, and still are, aliens from Galicia. To impute the frugal industry of Gallego to a Portuguese would be to insult him grossly. Almost all commerce fell into foreign, chiefly English, hands. Patriotic writers declare that the gold of Brazil was the true foundation of

British prosperity. These reasoners omit the important factors, industry and thrift, from their computation. The King prayed and begat bastards with edifying impartiality. The entire education of youth was monopolized by the Jesuits. The ancient university of Coimbra had so degenerated that it became customary for hundreds of students to merely inscribe their names in its books in order to receive its diplomas. In one year, out of six thousand whose names were thus inscribed, but seven actually attended the Greek class.

The decorations of the various orders of knighthood were lavished on unworthy individuals with a prodigality which was indeed extraordinary. The richest commanderies, as well as the finest of the crown domains, were scattered broadcast amongst an ignorant and turbulent nobility. The King's ministers became the panders to his pleasures. Members of his cabinet were known to knock at the gates of convents or the doors of private houses and announce that some fair inmate would be honoured, on such and such a night, by the visit of a great personage. Extravagance under such a monarch and such a tutelage became a fashionable virtue. Portuguese authors declare that many families of grandees were ruined by the spendthrift extravagance of the times. Cooks, coiffeurs, and modistes came in crowds from Paris to pick up their share of the good things that were going in Portugal. It is related that a shipload of Italian singers came to Lisbon to exchange their talents for Brazilian gold. The nobles vied with each other in rearing stately palaces : —

"Jam paucas aratro jugera regie
Moles relinquent."

Agriculture became altogether neglected. The quality of the wines, the true wealth of Portugal, declined. The King, his ministers, and the nobility had no time to think of the condition of the country or of the people. Pleasure and devotion divided the moments of the day. The Government, which during the progress of the last reign had become an absolutism, John V. soon "converted into a kind of monkish theocracy, stained with all the vices and evils of fanaticism, hidden under the cloak of religion and sanctity." * The King's first appointment to the ministry was that of the Grand Chaplain, the Bishop Nuno da Cunha Athayde, who was also Grand Inquisitor. Cardinal

da Motta long ruled the Cab'net. At his death the Friar Gaspar da Encarnação became minister, and soon real governor of the kingdom. Though a man of considerable talent, he was totally ignorant of politics, and considered it wicked to have his mind enlightened on such earthly matters. His appointments to embassies, vice-royalties, and other high charges of the State, were of persons who were, or who professed to be, of the same type as himself. Every form of civil authority was set at naught. The streets of the capital were the scenes of nightly brawls and assassinations. The feuds of the Montagues and Capulets were realized in Lisbon by hostile noble families. The deeds of our London Mohocks were outdone by those of bands of dissipated youths of illustrious birth. Organized detachments of these disturbers of the peace roamed about the city under the guidance of Dom Francisco, the King's brother, of the Duke Cadaval, a connexion of the Royal Family, of the Marquises of Marialva and Cascaes, and of the Counts of Aveiras and Obidos. A prominent member of the band was a young man of great daring, lofty stature, and handsome features, destined to become celebrated as the Marquis of Pombal.

Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho e Mello, afterwards Count of Oeyras and Marquis of Pombal, was born at Lisbon on the 13th of May 1699. His father belonged to the class of small landowners, or untitled noblesse, called in Portugal *fidalgos de provincia*. An uncle of the future Minister was in holy orders and became arch-priest of the Patriarchal Church. Under John V.'s government, the fortunes of a family which possessed a member so placed might be considered as made; and it was probably owing to this uncle's influence that Carvalho, about whose earlier years there is much obscurity, was brought to the notice of the Cardinal de Motta, and through him of the King. His endeavors to obtain public employment were unsuccessful, and having married a widow lady of good family, Dona Theresa de Noronha, he withdrew to his country residence at Soure, near the town of Pombal. He soon grew tired of the dulness of a country life and became again a candidate for office. This time he was more successful. He is supposed to have caught the eye of the Queen and to have pleased her by his appearance. Her influence and that of the Cardinal de Motta soon obtained for him an important appointment. The commerce of Portugal had so manifestly de-

* Soriano, tom. i. 120.

clined that the priests and favourites of the court at length became frightened. The whole trade of Lisbon seemed to have fallen into the hands of the English, who enjoyed what in those days were considered great commercial advantages. The few Portuguese who were engaged in trade in England were, on the other hand, held by their countrymen to be treated with undue rigour and want of consideration. This and the lawless behaviour of some English naval officers in Portuguese ports induced John V. to send a special envoy to London. The court and capital were astonished by the announcement that Carvalho who was to be the new envoy. The keen tongues of disappointed applicants soon took their revenge. Every story that could be told to his discredit was sedulously circulated in society in Lisbon. Carvalho was not the only person whose character was aspersed. The name of the Queen was mentioned in connexion with his own in a manner which there is every reason to believe was altogether unjust. Having proceeded to London, he remained there in his capacity of envoy six years. Having in 1745 accompanied George II. on his visit to Hanover, he was whilst there directed to proceed to Vienna to represent his Sovereign as arbitrator in a question that had arisen between the Imperial and the Papal Governments. The extinction of the patriarchate of Aquileia, and some disputes as to the right of nomination to vacant bishoprics, had caused between the courts of Rome and Vienna one of those long series of negotiations in which the diplomatists of a bygone age loved to engage. The affair had gone on so long that it promised to degenerate into a quarrel. John V.'s Queen was an Austrian archduchess, a sister of that Archduke Charles on whose account the Spanish war of succession had been undertaken. The King of Portugal's marriage and his well-known sympathies with the cause of the Church seemed to doubtly fit him for the part of peace-maker. The Pope, who had so often applied to him with success upon other occasions, requested his co-operation in smoothing over the difficulties of the case. The Queen added her influence. Carvalho, whose mission to London had been regarded as successful, befriended both by the Austrian Queen and the clerical party, headed by the Cardinal de Motta, was pitched upon as the right person to be sent to offer the good offices of his Sovereign. He accordingly proceeded to Vienna, and whilst there conducted the affair, which certainly was a

somewhat delicate one, with such dexterity as apparently to satisfy both parties. Whilst in London he had lost his wife, the Dona Theresa before mentioned, and at Vienna he was married a second time to a niece of the celebrated Field Marshal Daun. In spite of his long residence in England it is certain that Carvalho never acquired our language, and if he did study our institutions, he seems to have found in them little worthy of copying in his own country. It was to France that he chiefly looked for authorities on government and economics. In after years he frequently compared himself, with decent self-depreciation, to Sully. That Minister in finance and Colbert in commercial affairs were the guides which he determined to follow. Indeed, he even outdid the latter Minister in his unfortunate violations of the simplest laws of political economy. The Empress Queen retained a lively recollection of, and gratitude for, Carvalho's services in the Aquileia matter, and afterwards when he had long returned to Portugal she addressed frequent letters couched in the most affectionate terms to his Austrian wife.

In the following year he returned to Portugal. The health of the King had, owing to his luxurious mode of life, gradually become so bad, that he had almost ceased to exercise the functions of royalty. The priestly clique by which he was surrounded was headed by the Friar Gaspar da Encarnação. This ecclesiastic was then at the summit of his power; the only sharer in it was the Queen, who exercised a kind of regency. The course of Carvalho's studies in French philosophical literature had probably reached the friar's ears. The influence of the Queen, quickened as it was by her friendship for her countrywoman his wife, was not sufficient to obtain for Carvalho any post in the Government; he therefore continued unemployed during the remainder of the king's reign, and it is a remarkable circumstance that a minister who fills so great a place in the annals of his country, and who held office for nearly thirty years, was more than fifty years old before he attained to it, at least in the domestic administration of the kingdom.

His eventual accession to office was due to an odd series of circumstances. The Government being virtually in the hands of ecclesiastics, it seems not to have been thought necessary to appoint the usual Secretaries of State. A single one of those great officers, Pedro de Motta, a brother of the cardinal, now sometimes deceased, was in office. The great burden of the

routine work of the Government fell upon him, and seriously affected his health. At last at the King's death in 1750 there actually was not a single Secretary of State in a condition to attest the burial of the Sovereign as the laws of Portugal required. Carvalho lost no time in seizing so favourable an opportunity of obtaining place.

He sent his wife to beg the good offices of the Queen. The latter so effectually solicited her son, the new King, Dom Joseph, on his behalf, that he was immediately made Secretary of State for War and Foreign Affairs.* The Abbé Diogo de Mendonça was at the same time nominated to the vacant portfolio of Marine and the Colonies. Once having entered the Government, Carvalho continued to hold office uninterruptedly throughout the reign of Dom Joseph, which lasted nearly twenty-seven years. No one was better aware than he of the extreme difficulties of his position. Knowing well that his comparatively sudden rise had created for him a host of enemies, he began his ministerial career in a modest and unassuming manner. Though entering the Cabinet simultaneously and on equal terms with one Minister, and finding the chief of it oppressed with age and infirmities, he was too adroit to aim at supreme power at once.

He quickly discerned the character of the new monarch. Dom Joseph was one of those irresolute vacillating men who find it impossible to stand alone. Of an amiable disposition and agreeable manners, he seems to have been impressed with a sincere desire to promote the good of his subjects. His education, as might have been expected from what has been said above concerning the late reign, had been much neglected. He undoubtedly had a certain amount of ambition, and a considerable desire for glory, but his passion was the chase. His amiability prompted him to agree with everyone. The last proposal was always the one which he was inclined to follow. Each minister was in favour in turn. Carvalho saw how this disposition of the Sovereign might be turned to his advantage. During his earlier sitting at the council-board he maintained a discreet reserve. He proposed nothing, but confined himself to pointing out the difficulties in the way of carrying out the suggestions of his colleagues. His criticisms generally proved to have been just. Joseph formed a high opinion of his sagacity. This opin-

ion was strengthened by the representations of the Queen-Mother, who never ceased to point out the good qualities of the new minister. A more powerful auxiliary was found in the person of the King's confessor, the Jesuit Joseph Moreira, with whom he had contrived to ingratiate himself. His detractors assert that when Carvalho was hanging about court looking eagerly for place, he sedulously cultivated the society of the Jesuits. He is even said to have adopted, in token of his admiration for the order and the closeness of his intimacy with the members (with a pedantic affection of the customs of antiquity), the surname of *Jesuiticus*.* The manner in which he repaid the fraternity is a matter of history. Moreira languished out his days in the prisons of the Junquiera. He was more grateful to another of the monkish favourites of the King, the Father Antony Joseph da Cruz, whose good offices are supposed to have assisted in his advancement. When the great Marquis became omnipotent in Portugal, he extended to the father and his brothers an unvarying protection. Though sons of a poor joiner, and almost totally uneducated, he advanced them to high posts and honours, and their descendants are at the present day holders of a title.

He worked sedulously in his department of war and foreign affairs. A sum of money was devoted to restoring the ruined fortresses of the kingdom, which before the close of the reign were in so poor a condition that the Barbary corsairs cruized with impunity within range of their guns. A national establishment for the manufacture of gunpowder was erected. But it was to the improvement of commerce and the rectification of the finances that he principally turned his attention. Though not specially under his direction, he quietly assumed charge of these matters. He began now to make his influence in the Cabinet supreme. The enormous expenditure of the royal household was contracted. The number of servants in the palace kitchen was reduced to one-fourth. Various decrees appeared regulating the mode of imposing and collecting taxes. The vast amount which had hitherto been swallowed up in the collection was greatly lessened. The corps of tax-gatherers was entirely remodelled. It might be supposed that the great credit of these reforms would be due to the minister whose special business it was to

* Soriano, tom. i. p. 135.

* Memoires de S. J. Carvalho, vol. I.

superintend the finances; but it rests on the respectable authority of both the French and English diplomatic despatches that it was due to Carvalho.

The means taken by him to render his ascendancy over his colleagues complete were most effectual. Every branch of the Government began to show signs of his directing spirit. In 1751, the year he entered the ministry, the power of the Inquisition received a serious blow. It was enacted by decree that in future no *auto-da-fé* should take place, and no execution be carried into effect, without the consent of the Government; and appeals were allowed from, and inquiries made into, the sentences of the Holy Office. To restore the respect due to authority, he appointed a special commission for the trial of persons accused of highway robberies and other acts of violence in the southern portion of the kingdom. A host of decrees appeared on various subjects: some to restrain "the prevalent custom of taking private revenge;" others to encourage the fisheries, the manufacture of sugar, and the cultivation of the silk worm. To persons engaged in the latter occupation the privileges of nobility, which alone entitled the possessor to hold certain offices, were extended. As in finances he aspired to be the Sully, so in commercial matters he hoped to be the Colbert, of Portugal. The extension of her commerce and the development of her resources and those of her dependencies were the great objects of his whole political life. The means which he took to bring about this great end were indeed, judging now by the light of our present knowledge of economical science, erroneous and improper; but that he should have considered that end the fitting one of all his schemes is of itself sufficient, considering the country in which he lived, to bring some credit on his name.

The condition of the country during the preceding reign has already been sketched in rapid outline. What it was at the beginning of his ministry we may give in his own words: "I found," said he, "a monarchy destitute of money, weakened by numerous revolutions, disturbed by various secret sects, and impoverished by its very riches. A people subject to the grossest superstition, a nation whose manners might be likened to those of barbarians, a State governed by almost Asiatic customs, European only in name, with but the form of kingly government and but the shadow of power." He goes on to say that the vast quantities of gold

and silver and precious stones brought from Brazil at once found their way to England; that the ease with which the Portuguese acquired them prevented them from turning their attention to the production of useful articles at home, and rendered them entirely dependent for the supply of every want upon English industry. Hence his early determination to enrich his country, as he thought, by keeping the precious metals which poured in from abroad within its limits. As in many other countries, an ancient law existed in Portugal which prohibited the exportation of coin. On his strong representation the King re-enforced this decree. Of the effects of such a decree, if it could have been strictly carried out, it is not necessary here to speak. As might have been expected, it failed in execution. The export of coin continued, though under difficulties.

The decree had been levelled at the English. They at once took the alarm. The Government of George II. despatched Lord Tyrawley on a special mission to Lisbon to protest against the measure. In spite of flatteries, entreaties, and threats, Dom Joseph and his minister decided to uphold the decree. The fears of the English, whatever they were, were not verified; as we have seen, it was found impossible to prevent the coin from being sent out of the country. Like many statesmen of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Carvalho was possessed by the idea that the true secret of commercial prosperity lay in the foundation of monopolist companies. His strong will, too, and imperious disposition probably inclined him to adopt that system in which he might have most power of direction. Had he understood the laws of political economy better, had he even understood them at all, he would have been content to leave trade without those guiding regulations which years ago were considered necessary to its well-being. He had a strong predilection for that commercial system which allowed him to draw up elaborate rules for its government. To be able to say that certain people should trade to such and such places, and that certain other people should not, was to him a highly pleasing matter.

The vast and fertile provinces of Grand Para and Maranhão had been amongst the most productive of the Portuguese dominions beyond the sea. But for more than a century, their prosperity had declined. The causes of this decline had been the inattention of the authorities

at home, and the ignorant rapacity of the Portuguese settlers. The former had so neglected the defenses of the colonies that they were left unprotected from the invasion of hostile powers and buccaneers. The latter had checked the willing industry of the native Indians by making them slaves. Carvalho decreed that thenceforward the Indians should be free. Garrisons of considerable strength were despatched not only to Grand Para and Maranhão, but to the neighbouring province of Pernambuco as well. The commerce of these countries was to be restored by the foundation of one of the Minister's favourite companies. On March 7th, 1755, out came a decree constituting the General Company of Grand Para and Maranhão, and containing numerous regulations for its government. The monopoly of the Company was to be complete, its privileges extensive. The capital was fixed at two millions of *crúzades* (about 200,000*l.* sterling), in shares of about 90*l.* each. The Company was to have the exclusive right of trading to the ports of the colonies named in its title. No one else might either buy or sell within their limits. The monopoly was pushed to the farthest extreme. The factors in the employ of the Company fixed the price not only of what they sold, but of what they bought. Nothing was too small or insignificant to come within the scope of its operations. Little tokens of affection sent by a mother to her son, or by a lover to his mistress, were held to be articles of merchandise, and the transmission of them, as injurious to the interests of the Company, entirely stopped. Eleven years after its formation a decree enacted that its shares should be received in discharge of its debts at par; and it was further decreed that its scrip should pass current on an equal footing with the coinage of the realm. The provisions of this unjust decree had to be relaxed by the issue of another two years later.

The establishment of this Company gave an earnest of the high-handed way in which the Minister was determined to carry out his schemes. The shares at first did not sell with sufficient rapidity. Bribes, threats, and entreaties were freely employed to cause its capital to be subscribed for. Even in Portugal there existed a body of men sufficiently sagacious to foresee the disastrous effects of this pernicious monopoly. The Board of Common Weal (*A Mesa do Bem Commun*), composed of men of business, and a species of commercial tribunal, proceeded in a body to the palace to petition the King

against the establishment of the new Company, and point out its inevitable effects. This was a piece of presumption which the Minister was determined to put a stop to at once. Another decree was issued. It declared those who had joined in the representation guilty of disrespect to their lawful Sovereign. The Board was abolished, and a Junta of Commerce, with great powers, was established in its stead. The petitioners were degraded from their offices and banished for various periods. Their advocate and mouth-piece, the Doctor Negreiros, was banished to Mazagón, and was kept waiting in the common prison of the *Limoero* till a ship should be ready to convey him to his destination. His sentence was never carried into effect. A month or two later he was buried beneath the walls of his prison-house in the terrible earthquake which nearly destroyed the city.

The great earthquake of Lisbon has been often described. Like many other such catastrophes its effects have been greatly exaggerated; still in the loss of life and destruction of property which it caused it was fearfully disastrous. The year 1755 seems to have been unusually prolific in earthquakes. Shocks of great severity had been felt in South America, in Greenland, in Iceland, in Spain, and some too in Portugal itself. We have not space to describe in detail that by which Lisbon was so nearly erased from the list of cities; but one of its immediate effects was so undoubtedly the ministerial omnipotence of Carvalho, that it is necessary to do something more than merely allude to it.

On the morning of November 1st, 1755, which had opened with the usual calm serenity of the Portuguese autumn, the inhabitants had assembled in great numbers in the churches of the city to do honour to the festival of All Saints. Shortly after a quarter to 10 A. M., a slight trembling of the earth was noticed. This was deemed to be the effect of a passing wagon. Those who thought so were soon terribly undeceived. The tremulous motion so increased that the whole surface of the ground seemed to undulate like a sea. The steeples shook so that the bells were rung, tiles came tumbling down from the roofs of houses, furniture was thrown down, and walls began to split and buildings to fall. Whilst the shock lasted, the unfortunate inhabitants of the city were terrified at hearing a loud rumbling noise like distant thunder which seemed to proceed from the very

bowels of the earth. As the earth cracked and opened in various directions, it exhaled a sulphurous vapour which, with the clouds of dust from the falling buildings, so obscured the sun that day was almost turned into night —

“*Quis cladem illius noctis, quis funera fando
Explicet? aut possit lacrymis square labores?
Urbs antiqua ruit multos dominata per annos.*”

These clouds soon settled, and then the waters of the Tagus were seen to retire farther than had been known in the lowest tides. Soon, formed in a mountainous wave, they returned and burst upon the city. Ships, boats, the magnificent quays just constructed at an enormous cost, were swallowed up, and with them thousands of people who had sought safety on, or near, the water from the tumbling edifices of the city. The falling churches overwhelmed crowds of worshippers. Monks and nuns were swallowed up by hundreds in their convents. The first shock had lasted, with occasional intervals of less intensity, for about seven minutes. There were several other shocks both on that 1st of November and on subsequent days, but the great destruction had been wrought within about twenty minutes. It would require a volume to detail the effects of that calamity. Sixty-one churches and convents, thirty-two palaces of the nobility, besides many other public buildings, such as the Royal Palace, the Inquisition, the Castle of St. George, were either completely destroyed or seriously injured. Scholars deplored the loss of three splendid libraries — that formed by John V., and those of the Dominican Convent and of the Marquis of Louçal. The destruction of private property was enormous. The rich ornaments of the churches, the pictures, the gold, the precious stones, were all buried beneath the ruins. The total is calculated at over twenty millions sterling. The loss of life had been fearful. It is estimated on the best data that over 12,000 human beings perished. Among them were many persons of distinction. The Royal Family fortunately escaped being at the Palace of Belem, in the suburbs. The Spanish Ambassador, on attempting to leave his palace, was crushed by its fall, with nine of his attendants. Carvalho's wife, though she nearly met her death, escaped without injury.

The earthquake was over, but the destruction was not yet complete. Numerous fires, caused probably by the lighted candles in the churches and the fires in the kitchens of the houses, burst out in

different parts of the city, and spread beyond the area visited by the earthquake. It seemed as though the city had really ceased to exist. Every imaginable horror was present. Bodies of the dead, and the mangled remains of the fearfully mutilated but still living strewed the ground. Prisoners escaped from the gaols, and bands of other wretches went about the ruins robbing, murdering, and insulting those whom the terrible visitation of the morning had spared. The survivors were at the mercy of the banditti and in danger of starving for want of food. The hope of rebuilding Lisbon was almost abandoned. It was suggested to the King to remove the court to the ancient capital, Coimbra. He was at first inclined to listen to these timid counsels; but Carvalho interposed.

His zeal, devotion, and activity were apparent to all. The weak-minded King began to look upon him as a supernatural being. He even remarked, that the fact of his house being spared was a sign of the Divine protection. The Count of Obidos, to whom the remark was addressed, replied drily, “True, Sire; but the same protection has been extended to the dwellers in the Rua Suja” — the most infamous street in Lisbon. Carvalho remembered the remark, and is said to have repaid the utterer by a long imprisonment in the fort of the Junqueira. A fellow-prisoner of the Count's afterwards was the Marquis of Alorna, to whom belongs the credit of a speech often attributed to Carvalho, in reply to a question of the King's as to what was to be done — “That their duty was to bury the dead and to feed the living.” Measures were at once taken to bury the dead, and thus remove all fears of a pestilence from the presence of the numerous putrifying bodies. The wounded were rescued from the ruins. Bakers were set to bake bread for the starving citizens. The Patriarch issued a mandate enjoining processions in every parish to induce the inhabitants who had fled to return and take part in them. A happy spirit of rivalry in doing good sprang up. Grantees and high ecclesiastics carried succour to the unfortunate, and even buried hundreds of dead with their own hands. Hospitals were established, and surgeons and medicines brought in from different parts of the country. Guards were stationed in every part of the city. Stringent edicts against robbery were issued. Gibbets were erected in various quarters, on which marauders were hung without form of trial. Over 350 wretches were thus executed before order was completely restored.

The good effects of these measures bore rapid fruit. Carvalho was the soul of everything. He worked with untiring energy, passing over fourteen hours a day in his carriage or on horseback superintending the works. Messages requesting succour were sent to foreign countries. Spain and England in particular nobly responded to this appeal. By the latter country goods and money to the amount of 100,000*l.* were at once despatched to the Tagus.

No time was lost in rebuilding the city. Plans were drawn by which it was proposed to make Lisbon the best laid out capital in Europe. The spacious Praça do Commercio, called by the English "Black Horse Square," and the numerous straight and well-built streets which lead from it, were traced out. Houses were ordered to be constructed in a way decided on by the architects and engineers of the Government which would render them less liable to be injured by earthquakes. A temporary residence of wood was built for the Royal Family on the site of the present huge fragment of the Ajuda Palace.

To meet the expense of restoring the capital, Carvalho, whose recent services had made him the real head of affairs, imposed an import duty of 4 per cent. on all foreign goods. The English Minister deemed it his duty to protest against this impost; but Carvalho was not to be shaken in his purpose, and the duty was levied. The terrible visitation which had befallen the country was an immediate benefit to the Minister. The ruin had been so great that it seemed necessary that the nation should start afresh. That he looked upon it as an advantage we have his own words to prove. A paper written by him is extant, in which he declares that "in order to re-establish a state, it is necessary that it should be partly destroyed." And he exclaims, "What then cannot be done by a reformer?" Fortune again favoured him. Pedro da Motta, the senior Secretary of State, whose failing health had long prevented his taking an active part in affairs, died six months after the earthquake. Carvalho was advanced officially to the premiership which he had in reality long held. Luiz da Cunha of the Patriarchal Chapter, and formerly Minister in London, took his place at the War and Foreign Offices. The chief merit of the new Secretary of State was his obsequious deference to the First Minister's wishes. His colleague and contemporary, Diogo de Mendonça, had exhibited an inconvenient independence, which rendered his presence at the Council

Board so obnoxious to Carvalho that he was determined to remove him. His manner of doing so was highly characteristic. The new Secretary, Luiz da Cunha, and a judicial officer one afternoon entered De Mendonça's house, and showed him a royal decree by which he was dismissed from the King's service, and ordered to withdraw within three hours from the capital; within a fortnight he was to remove to a distance of forty leagues, and never come within it. The pretext for this high-handed proceeding was a supposed intention on the part of the fallen Minister to bring about a marriage of the Crown Princess of Portugal and a Spanish Prince, and thus form a party favourable to his own interests.

The rebuilding of Lisbon and the reconstruction of the Cabinet were not allowed to interfere with the Minister's cherished object of improving Portuguese commerce. The almost complete neglect of commercial affairs by a large portion of the nation had caused a business career to be looked upon as scarcely worth following. The business of the few Portuguese engaged in trade was principally managed by foreigners. Carvalho established a commercial academy in which young men were educated so as to enable them to take clerkships in merchant's offices. Both the King and himself watched the progress of this institution with unvarying solicitude, and were frequently present at the examination of the pupils. So convinced was Carvalho of the efficacy of monopolist companies in restoring the prosperity of the country that he created several new ones. The principal of these was the *General Company of the Vineyards of the Upper Douro*, well known in England as the *Oporto Wine Company*. The English demand for the wines of Northern Portugal was so great that their production was almost the sole agricultural pursuit of the country. The prices paid for them were large enough to stimulate the dishonest to fill the market with all kinds of counterfeits. The spurious liquor so increased in quantity that the prices fell considerably, and some action seemed really necessary. The immediate object of the Company was, however, clearly, and even avowedly, to take the trade from the hands of the English, who had almost entirely monopolized it. The regulations under which the Company was formed were remarkably minute. It was to have both the right and the obligation of buying at fixed prices all the wines produced in the Douro vineyards. The wines were to be divided

into classes according to quality; for the first a higher price was to be paid than for the others. No allowance was made for years of scarcity or years of abundance, the same price was to be paid in all. The Company was also to have the entire monopoly of retailing wine in Oporto and the neighbourhood. The early operations of the Company were more successful than those of most of the others founded by Carvalho, and its existence, though in an altered form, did not terminate till about thirty years ago.

The knowledge that that which formed so important a portion of their daily sustenance was to be retailed to them by a single firm of dealers caused such a ferment amongst the inhabitants of Oporto that a riot ensued. An excited crowd rushed to the house of the magistrate called the Judge of the People, clamouring for the free sale of wine. The magistrate, who was ill in bed, was forced to rise and accompany the mob to the civil governor's. That officer, to pacify the people, at the judge's request took it on himself to promise that the trade should be free. Some further disturbance took place, but the arrival of the military governor with a party of soldiers soon restored quiet, and by the evening the streets of the city had resumed their usual appearance. The opportunity of giving a severe lesson to the opponents of his measures was too good for Carvalho to lose. He affected to consider the outbreak at Oporto as a formidable insurrection. A considerable body of infantry and cavalry was despatched to reinforce the garrison of the city. The first measures of the commanding officers were to draw a cordon round the place, and prevent any of the inhabitants leaving it. The troops then marched in, and were billeted on the citizens, with whom they lived at free quarters. A special court was then organized for the trial of the rioters. The unfortunate Judge of the People was the first victim. His compliance with the demands of the mob which had beset his house was punished by his public degradation from office and his subsequent execution. The case of the rioters was then gone into. How they were punished will appear from the following extract from a despatch of the British Minister to his Government:—"The persons concerned in the riots last summer at Oporto," he writes, "have received their sentences. Thirteen men and four women were executed on the 4th instant. Five-and-twenty persons are condemned to the galleys, some for life and others for a term of

years. Eighty-six are banished to different parts, and fifty-eight condemned in a fine and six months' imprisonment. Thirty-six persons were released." The severity of these proceedings will be better understood when it is stated that the mob of rioters scarcely exceeded in all four hundred persons. Before the country had recovered from the horror inspired by these measures, Carvalho issued what may be taken as a formal declaration of despotic government. An edict was published declaring guilty of *lese-majesté* all those who disobeyed the orders of the sovereign. This was amongst a people which had long and justly prided itself on the power of its ancient Cortes and the limits it had set to the prerogative of its monarchs.

It will be readily understood with what bitter feelings the rise of a man like Carvalho had been regarded by the Portuguese nobility. The numerous revolutions and changes of dynasty, which impart such interest to the history of Portugal, had either greatly added to, or preserved, the power of the noble families. Besides, the connexion between the Royal Family and the higher nobility was close and extended. The ducal houses of Aveiro, Cadaval, and Lafoens were all more or less closely connected by blood or marriage with the reigning dynasty. In Portugal, therefore, the nobles had not completely descended to the position of mere hangers-on of a court, dignified by sounding titles of servility. Much of the power, and many of the privileges, of the Feudal Age remained in the hands of men who besides possessed all the influence usually attributed to those who filled the high offices of a court, which was ruled by an exaggerated copy of the pompous and laborious etiquette given to the world by the Grand Monarque.

We have already seen that, granted by the generosity or extorted from the fears of the Portuguese kings, the richest of the Crown domains had come into the possession of the nobles. The alienation of so much valuable property when the influx of Brazilian gold into the royal coffers began to fall off became a serious inconvenience. Either as a fiscal measure, or to show in unmistakable colours what his policy was to be, no sooner had Carvalho found himself secure in office than he ordered a rigid inquiry into the titles by which these ceded domains were held. In many cases the Government professed itself not satisfied with the validity of the titles, and the properties held under them were resumed by the Crown. The despoiled grantees

received the act as a declaration of war against their order, and their hostility to the Minister was greatly increased. As the King placed himself more and more in the hands of his Minister the right of audience, long the most cherished, and latterly the most useful, privilege of the Portuguese nobles, became of less value. Decree after decree pared down the privilege till it scarcely existed even in name. Mutterings of discontent soon became frequent amongst them. Their palaces and *quintas* were turned into centres of disaffection, and, as Carvalho professed to believe, nurseries of plots. He quickly discerned the dangers to which his rule was thus exposed; and determined to make a terrible example of those from whom he dreaded them. The result was the horrible tragedy known in Portuguese history as the "Conspiracy of the Tavoras."

This name, which was eventually erased from the list of Portuguese surnames and no longer permitted to exist even in the geographical nomenclature of the country,* was borne by a noble family which possessed two marquisates, both the father and his eldest son being dignified with that title. The elder marquis, who was a general officer, had served with considerable distinction in Portuguese India, of which dependency he had been viceroy. The younger had the misfortune to be the husband of a beautiful wife who was generally credited with the dishonourable distinction of being a royal favourite. The elder marchioness was a strong-minded imperious woman who, having tasted the sweetness of the position of vice-queen, never subsided contentedly into that of a simple subject. On her return from India she was anxious that her husband's services should be rewarded by a dukedom. The Minister's refusal to grant this honour incensed her deeply, and she soon became a leader amongst the malcontent nobles. A relative of the Tavoras was the Duke of Aveiro, a man of illustrious lineage and a connexion of the Royal Family. The duke, who was a hot-tempered, out-spoken man, had been in the habit of giving loud utterance to his dislike of Carvalho. Those attacks on the Jesuits which have rendered the Marquis of Pombal so famous had already commenced. Pedro Moreira, the King's confessor, and those of the other members of the Royal Family, had been expelled the court. It was observed that the duke, formerly a noted enemy of the

order, had become reconciled to the Jesuits, and met them frequently at his own house or at that of the Tavoras.

In common with the rest of her family the duke highly resented the alleged intimacy of the King with the young marchioness. His resentment was heightened into exasperation by an incident which occurred at the palace. In the official hierarchy of the Portuguese court there were two posts which were equally indispensable—those of the King's confessor and of the pander to the King's pleasures. The expulsion of the former personage had added so greatly to the peculiar influence and dignity of the latter, that the head of this Portuguese Chiffinch was almost turned. Upon one occasion the confidential valet (that was his official title), having received an order from the Duke of Aveiro in his capacity as grand master of the household, made an insolent reply. This so incensed the hot-tempered noble that he drew his sword and would have made short work of the utterer; but remembering where he was, he sheathed his weapon and threatened the fleeing valet with punishment at a more suitable time. Whether the attempt which the duke was afterwards accused of making was against the life of this man or against that of his royal master, has never been satisfactorily settled. But that an attempt of the kind was made, and that the duke was more or less implicated in it, seems tolerably certain. The crime was carried into execution as follows:

On the night of Sunday, September 3, 1758, the King was returning from visiting one of his mistresses. Like all other proceedings of the Portuguese monarch, this was conducted in strict compliance with the rules of court etiquette. It was necessary that there should be two carriages, one of which should bear the royal lover and the other the confidential valet. This time, however, the King had called the valet into his own carriage, and as it was turning a corner it was met by a knot of mounted men, one of whom snapped a musketoon, which missed fire, at the driver. The latter urged on his horses in order to escape any further attempts, and the speed at which he drove was probably the cause of two shots, which were fired at the rapidly-retreating vehicle, having no other effect than that of wounding the King in the right arm. The wound was found to be so slight that he was able to go about, simply keeping his arm in a sling. The cause of his doing so was carefully concealed. The British Minister

* "A river so named was henceforward ordered to be called 'The River of Death.'" (Smith, vol. I. p. 198.)

wrote to say that he was informed that the King had been bled; but he was careful to add in cypher that he knew better. For three months, Carvalho indicated by no sign whatever so much as a suspicion that a crime had been committed. His bearing towards those whom he subsequently punished was particularly affable and conciliatory. At length on December 13, or three months after the King had been fired at, numerous arrests were made. The Duke of Aveiro, the whole family of the Tavoras, and various other nobles (amongst them the Marquis of Alorna and the Count of Obidos, whose remarks at the time of the earthquake are said to have rankled in the mind of the Minister), together with eight Jesuit priests, were included in the list of prisoners. The papers of all were seized and examined, and some letters containing expressions of a highly damaging character were certainly found amongst those of the duke and the elder Tavora. A tribunal, called *Inconfidencia*, was especially instituted to try the prisoners. For the crime of regicide the Portuguese code, like the Roman for that of parricide, had assigned no punishment. An edict of the Spanish usurper, Philip II., alone alluded to it to declare that it should be cruel. We shall see how well the behest of the royal bigot who laughed at the news of St. Bartholomew was obeyed.

The tribunal specially convened to condemn did its work; and all the accused were condemned. The sentences passed on the duke, on the elder marquis and marchioness, on their two sons, on the Count of Atouguia, and on several servants of these nobles, were capital. The mode of carrying them out was frightfully barbarous. The elder marchioness was the first person put to death. Her sentence had declared that, "in consideration of her age and rank," she should only be beheaded. But Carvalho's vindictiveness followed her to the very jaws of death. She was led round the scaffold and shown one by one the instruments with which her husband and sons were to be executed; the manner in which each was to be used being explained to her with barbarous minuteness. Her sons were the next victims. Their unhappy father was exposed to the unspeakable barbarity of being shown the mangled forms of his wife and children before being broken alive upon the wheel. The Duke of Aveiro suffered the same fate. A servant of the duke was burned alive. The bodies of all, the scaffold and the instruments of death, were then burned and the ashes

cast into the Tagus. This appalling butchery lasted nearly seven hours, having commenced at eight o'clock in the morning and not being finished till past two in the afternoon. In the subsequent reign a commission was appointed specially to determine whether or not the sentences should be reversed. This commission declared that the Duke of Aveiro, but not the Tavoras, had been implicated in a conspiracy against the life of Dom Joseph. For his services as Minister generally, and especially for his zeal during the late events, Carvalho was ennobled by the title of Count of Oeyras, where he had an estate. He was also granted the feudal rights over the town of Pombal and a rich commandery of the order of Christ.

This celebrated conspiracy, and the sanguinary punishment of it, which leaves so dark a stain on the memory of Pombal has remained one of the problems of history. But Senhor Gomès, who is the last and best-informed writer who has examined the evidence, arrives at the conclusion that the attempt on the life of the King was actually made on the 3rd of September, and that the Duke d'Aveiro was concerned in it. The evidence against the Tavoras is much weaker; and against some of the minor victims of the affair, including the Jesuit fathers, it is altogether wanting. The procedure against the prisoners was secret and scandalously unjust; the execution of the sentence was atrociously cruel; and the whole transaction is tainted by its evident connexion with Pombal's political designs and personal animosities.*

The abolition of the Board of Common Weal, and the severe punishment of the Oporto rioters, had stifled any feelings of independence which the long despotism of John V. may have left in the breasts of the middle and lower orders of the Portuguese people. The recent barbarous execution of so many members of the nobility, *edilem strage tot consularium cedes*, had completely placed at the feet of the Count of Oeyras the whole body of nobles. He had however not yet conquered all opposition; there still remained the clergy, and especially the Order of the Jesuits, to

* It was in 1760, soon after this tragical event, that Lord Kinnoul's mission proceeded to Lisbon, which is now only remembered because Philip Francis was that minister's secretary and all the despatches were written by his hand. Francis conceived a Junius-like aversion to Pombal, and describes him in the following terms:—"His preserving his authority over the king, and his making the most violent use of absolute power, are but equivocal proofs of his understanding and courage; cunning, obstinacy, and revenge *usque ad internecionem* are qualities willingly allowed." (*Merivale's Life of Francis*, vol. i. p. 33.)

be dealt with. In no country in Europe had the Order obtained greater power than in Portugal. It early established itself there and rapidly increased its numbers beyond those specified in the Papal Bull constituting the Portuguese branch of the Fraternity. Its brethren soon became the confessors of every member of the Royal Family. Their influence, under the late king, we have already seen. The Count of Oeyras had early perceived that the Jesuits stood in his way. His hostility had already declared itself; and his eventual triumph over the Order is a piece of well-known history. The position of the Jesuits had long before excited the distrust and suspicion of the governors of the Portuguese dominions beyond the sea. As is generally known, the efforts of the Order had been early directed to the conversion of the Indians both in the East and West. The zeal of the Society in winning converts appears to have been fully equalled by the skill which some of its members exhibited in commercial transactions. As far back as 1575 a Governor of Brazil complains of the injury caused to the revenue by paying the Jesuits their stipends in sugar estimated at a price which had long ceased to be real. A Governor of Angola in the seventeenth century accuses the Fathers of undertaking missions with the avowed object of propagating the faith, but in reality for the sake of trading in slaves. Moved by such representations, the Portuguese Government had endeavoured to restrain these alleged proceedings. In order therefore to withdraw themselves from the thwarting interference of both the Spanish and Portuguese viceroys, the Jesuits had removed, beyond the very confines of civilization, to the almost unknown country of Paraguay. They had succeeded to a remarkable degree in civilizing the inhabitants of those wilds, and eventually established a curious kind of dominion which rendered them the virtual sovereigns of a considerable tract of country and many thousands of subjects. It is strange that the circumstance which redounds most to their credit—their withdrawal to the remote region of Paraguay to evangelize the inhabitants—should have been the almost direct cause of the misfortunes and temporary extinction of the Jesuits.

There had been an old dispute between the Spanish and Portuguese Governments about the ownership of a district in South America called Nova Colonia. After repeated negotiations it was agreed, towards the end of John V.'s reign, that the dis-

puted territory should be exchanged for that portion of Paraguay which was under the sway of the Jesuit Fathers. Both the contracting parties congratulated themselves on having done a somewhat smart stroke of business. The Portuguese Government had been led by the representations of an adventurer to believe that the country about to become theirs was rich in mines, and might prove a second Brazil. The Spanish Government naturally rejoiced in an arrangement by which it exchanged a country that scarcely belonged to it for one that had been some time settled and was admirably situated. But the Portuguese had had quite enough of Jesuits in their colonies: so it was arranged that the territories should exchange masters, but not the inhabitants. The natives resisted this arrangement by force; and an expensive warfare ensued. Dom Joseph, on his accession to the throne, refused to confirm the recent arrangement, and the disturbances in Paraguay ceased. The Indians of some parts of Brazil had in the meantime revolted, and their insurrection was attributed to the Jesuits. The injudicious opposition of some members of the Order to the establishment of his favourite companies had greatly exasperated Carvalho. One father had declared from the pulpit that the vengeance of Heaven would overtake those who took shares in the Grand Para and Maranham Company; another had asserted that the wines of the Alta Douro Company were not fitted to supply the cup at the Sacrifice of the Mass; whilst a third had been unwise enough to perceive in the great earthquake of Lisbon the Divine punishment inflicted upon a country which was ruled by such a minister. Carvalho commenced his attack on the Order with much adroitness, and by it he masked an even greater scheme than the destruction of the Society, and that was the crippling of the power of the Church. The pre-eminence of the Jesuits in Portugal had stirred the envy of the other religious orders and of the secular clergy. With a correct appreciation of the customary spirit of ecclesiastical parties, Carvalho counted upon the support, or at least the contemptuous neutrality, of the remaining orders whilst attempting to crush a rival fraternity. Once having disposed of the Jesuits, dealing with the others would be comparatively easy. His first step was to publish the papal brief, *Immensa Pastorum Principis*, which had attempted to restrain the excessive participation of the Jesuits in secular affairs and especially commerce. He next, as we have seen, persuaded the

King to expel from the court all the confessors of the Royal Family who belonged to the Company of Jesus. He then proceeded to draw a detailed report of all the offences committed by the Fathers in Portuguese Colonies down to the month of October, 1757. This report was forwarded to the Portuguese Minister at Rome, to be laid before the Pope, accompanied by a letter, in which Carvalho recalled the history and fate of the Templars, with whose conduct that of the Jesuits was unfavourably compared. The Pope was to be respectfully implored to put an end to their excesses. The Minister of Portugal at the Papal Court, Almada, was a cousin of Carvalho's, and warmly seconded him in his negotiations with the Holy See. He succeeded in persuading the wise and excellent Pontiff, Benedict XIV., who then filled the chair of St. Peter, of the truth of the complaints made against the Jesuits, and in getting him to issue a brief constituting the Cardinal Saldanha Visitor and Reformer-General of the Order in Portugal and its dominions. Dreading the influence of the Jesuits over the Cardinal-Secretary of State, Almada begged the Pope to entrust the duty of drawing up the brief not to the Cardinal-Secretary, but to a friend of his own, the Cardinal Pacinoci. So ready was the Holy Father to meet the wishes of the Portuguese Government that he acceded to this request, and the brief was actually drafted by Almada's own secretary.

The new Cardinal-Visitor began operations forthwith. He ordered the Jesuits to at once desist from all banking and other commercial pursuits, the participators in which he likened to the money-changers whom the Redeemer had expelled from the Temple. This order was immediately followed by mandates of the Patriarch and other Portuguese prelates interdicting the members of the Fraternity from preaching and confessing in their dioceses. The dismay of the Jesuits at these proceedings was naturally great, but hopes of better times were inspired by the accession of a new Pontiff, Clement XIII., who was believed to be friendly to the Order. The general and the superiors of the Company at Rome lost no time in addressing him, praying, amongst other things, for the immediate revocation of the brief constituting Saldanha Visitor. As a compromise between these demands and those of Portugal, it was determined to desire the Papal Nuncio at Lisbon to counsel the Cardinal-Visitor to exhibit the greatest moderation in the discharge of his duty. Such

was the condition of affairs when the attempt on the King's life was made in September, 1758. Amongst the prisoners tried by the tribunal of *Inconfidencia* were three Jesuit priests, Malagrida, Mattos, and Alexander, who were declared to be ring-leaders in the conspiracy, and as such imprisoned in the fort of Junquiera. A decree was issued by virtue of which the Jesuits of the capital were confined in a *quinta* belonging to the Duke of Aveiro and those of the other parts of the kingdom in their principal establishments, and their goods seized as those of enemies of the Crown. Carvalho then, in the name of the Crown-Procutor, requested the Pope to permit the tribunal called the Board of Conscience to deliver up to the secular arm all ecclesiastics convicted of complicity in the crime of September 3rd, and all who in future should be guilty of like crimes. He also persuaded his sovereign to write with his own hand to the Holy Father declaring his fixed determination to expel the Jesuits from his dominions. Aware of the difficulties which would probably beset his attempts to obtain the permission he desired, the Minister wrote to his relative, Almada, to suggest that judicious distribution of presents amongst the members of the Sacred College might render the course of negotiations more smooth. He was prepared, he said, to forward numerous diamonds in the rough which might be used to adorn the crosses which their Eminences were in the habit of displaying upon their breasts. Some rings which he sent were valuable enough, he believed, to facilitate at least the first steps towards gaining useful friends. Rich as the gems were, it would be better, he added, to present them uncut, as mere specimens of the productions of a country which the Jesuits professed to love so well.

Up to this period Carvalho's public demeanour towards the Holy See had been respectful in the extreme. But now, fearing that the Cardinal-Secretary, who was related to the General of the Jesuits and most friendly to the Society, would either prevent or unnecessarily delay the fulfilment of his schemes, he changed his mode of action. On June 23, 1759, he issued a decree depriving the Jesuits of their rights as citizens, and expelling them for ever from the Portuguese dominions. Without delay nearly 600 were conducted on board ship and transported, under circumstances of much hardship, to the States of the Church. Before the news of this act had reached Rome, the Pope had despatched a brief to the Board of Conscience, counsel-

ling moderation in its dealings with the Jesuit prisoners; and a letter to the King imploring his clemency for Malagrida and his companions. The Nuncio made repeated efforts to deliver both the brief and the letter to the King in person, without giving copies to the Portuguese Foreign Secretary. His efforts were strenuously and even insultingly opposed by Carvalho, and in the end the copies were given. Upon seeing their contents, Carvalho exhibited the greatest indignation. He indited a furious letter to the Nuncio denouncing in unmeasured terms the brief addressed to the Board of Conscience, and declaring that his master could not consent to receive it. At the same time he addressed an energetic note to the Holy Father in which he bade His Holiness to choose between sending such a brief as he demanded, or a definite rupture; the latter alternative being clearly the one on which he himself had determined. We have seen that the Portuguese envoy, Almada, had already transacted diplomatic business without the intervention of the Cardinal-Secretary, the proper official. The peculiar constitution of the Papal Government seemed to render this mode of proceeding convenient and advantageous; and it is not unlikely that Carvalho's judicious additions to the jewelry of the Cardinals would facilitate these semi-authorized negotiations. Almada therefore sent to His Holiness by the hands of two cardinals a memorandum which was so worded as to excuse his principal's conduct and obtain from the Pope what had been demanded. Unfortunately the Cardinal-Secretary, who had been kept in ignorance of these proceedings, in pursuance of the negotiations on his part forwarded to Almada a note declaring that the Holy Father's sentiments towards the Jesuits could undergo no alteration. Meanwhile the underground negotiations went on, and Almada actually succeeded in getting His Holiness to consent to replace the brief which Carvalho had refused to receive by another which the envoy had himself drafted, and by which the Pope agreed to permit all ecclesiastics convicted of conspiracy or of overt acts of treason to be delivered for punishment to the secular arm. This, in substance, was all that the Portuguese Minister had professed to ask for. But the Cardinal-Secretary was still proceeding with his own set of negotiations, and when Almada, in haste to forward the new brief to Portugal, applied for the necessary horses for his couriers, he re-

ceived as sole answer to his application the draft of a proposed brief which he had already declined to receive. Believing that the Pope was playing him false, he at once broke off all negotiations of either sort. One thing is evident from these proceedings, and that is the desire of the Pope to avoid a rupture with Portugal. Carvalho's determination to force one on soon became unmistakably manifest. Directly Almada's report of what had taken place reached him, he addressed a long memoir to the Papal Government, filled with complaints of its conduct, and declaring his resolve to take serious measures to vindicate his master's dignity, which he asserted had been specially offended by the manner in which the Holy Father had received a proposal to fill a vacancy in the Archbishopric of Bahia. But as yet he had failed to pronounce the word "Rupture."

When he did so it was in a way which the Court of Rome could have but little expected, and which must have deeply outraged the polite diplomacy of the time. The Nuncio at Lisbon was not, in common with the other foreign ministers, informed officially of the approaching marriage of the Crown-Princess of Portugal. The papal envoys still retained sufficient of the spirit of former times to resent at all events a breach of ordinary diplomatic etiquette. Amidst the general illumination in honour of the marriage, the palace of the Nuncio remained in profound darkness. This appeared to the Count of Oeyras the proper moment for vigorous action. Two officials waited on the Nuncio to inform him that a boat was in waiting to convey him immediately to the other side of the Tagus, and that in four days he was to quit the Portuguese dominions. The astonished Nuncio begged for time to address the Foreign Secretary. It was not granted him. A short time only was allowed him to hurry on his clothes, and hear mass, and he was conducted across the river, and then sent under an escort of dragoons beyond the frontier into Spain. In July the Portuguese envoy quitted Rome, and in the following month decrees were issued by Dom Joseph, enjoining the subjects of both governments to return to their own countries, and ordering all intercourse of every description between them to cease. Thus the threatened rupture had become final and complete. Master of the situation, the Count of Oeyras now put into execution the remainder of his schemes against the Jesuits. The goods of the Fraternity,

moveable and immovable, were confiscated to the Crown. The unfortunate Malagrida, who in spite of the consideration he had obtained in Portugal appears to have been a half-crazed fanatic, was sentenced to death, not for complicity in the attempted assassination of the King, of which he had been declared guilty, but for *heresy*. He was accordingly burned, not alive,* as is generally believed, but after being strangled. Still the Count of Oeyras was not satisfied, and he strenuously directed his efforts to bring about the complete destruction of the Company of Jesus. Negotiations to insure joint action towards that object were set on foot by him with the ministers of France and Spain. Many years passed before these negotiations were crowned with success, and not till Clement XIII. had been succeeded by another Pontiff. As soon as the new Pope, the celebrated Ganganelli, had ascended the papal throne, the negotiations were renewed with fresh vigour. Advantage was taken of the new pontificate to heal the rupture between the Courts of Rome and Lisbon, and diplomatic relations were re-established, but on terms which showed beyond the possibility of mistake that the days when John V.'s subserviency to the Papal authority had earned him the empty title of "Most Faithful" had indeed passed away. Still it was not till 1773 that Clement XIV., by the publication of the celebrated bull *Dominus ac Redemptor noster*, decreed the dissolution of the Society of the Jesuits.

We can now do scarcely more than glance at the various other acts of the Minister, who, in 1770, was advanced to the rank of Marquis of Pombal, the title by which he is best known. He founded the College of Nobles for the instruction of the upper classes of the Portuguese. He established, in 1768, the Royal Printing-press of Lisbon. He took great interest in the reformation of the ancient University of Coimbra, which he completely reorganized. His bold method of dealing with Foreign Powers was not confined to his proceedings with the Holy See. He remonstrated so strongly with the British Government upon Boscawen's pursuit of M. de La Clue into the Tagus that he received ample satisfaction. In the war with Spain, in 1762, he showed the greatest activity and skill in placing the defences of the kingdom on a proper footing. His internal administration was character-

ized by many startling acts. Viceroy, Ambassadors, Ministers of State, even members of the Royal Family itself, were not unfrequently hurried off into arrest or banishment without any warning whatever. But interesting as such events may be as episodes in a long ministerial career, or as indications of character and disposition, it is Pombal's attempts to improve, as he believed, the commerce of his country that should claim our principal attention. Though in some cases — most certainly not in all — his remarkable commercial schemes, as schemes so introduced and so fostered occasionally may, obtained at first some transient success, they ended on the whole ruinously for those who took part in them. It would have been well had this been the extent of their mischief. But who can regard the state of Portugal now and not see plainly how disastrous have been their effects? Portugal, the pioneer of constitutional government on the Continent, where a liberal and rational form of monarchy has already attained a respectable longevity amongst recent constitutional states, has by no means attained a degree of prosperity commensurate with her liberties or with the ancient splendour of her crown. An embarrassed government, an impoverished nobility, and a failing trade, bear witness to the fatal results of that disastrous intermeddling with the commerce of his country which was the favourite occupation of Pombal. His mischievous interference left no branch of human industry untouched. Agriculture, commerce, manufactures, fisheries, all experienced the misfortune of suffering from the vicious economical opinions of a minister who could glibly enunciate the smoothest maxims upon freedom of trade. Vines were rooted up that corn might be grown. Certain lands were to produce bread-stuffs alone — such were some of the methods by which Pombal sought to make his country prosperous. Having once grasped the idea that wealth consisted only in gold and silver, he never shook himself clear of it, and his constant effort was to keep those metals from leaving the country. Though it is impossible to deny him the credit of great vigour and very considerable ability, and of his having really made his country, when already on the decline, assume a position of some importance amongst the States of Europe, it would be false to the truth, both of history and political philosophy, to conceal that his long tenure of power has hastened the ruin which he seemed for a time to arrest. So destructive to true prosperity

* Soriano, tom. i. p. 434. *Memoires*, vol. iii. p. 37; *ibid.* p. 39. Gomez, however, says (p. 211) "brûlé vif."

were the childish economical fancies — more suited to the political darkness of the sixteenth century than the enlightenment of the eighteenth — which vitiated all the acts of his government. No country has, on the contrary, more to gain than Portugal from the most extended and complete freedom of foreign trade.

His career closed with the reign of the monarch who had so long entrusted him with supreme power. Dom Joseph died in 1777, and Pombal was soon made to perceive that the new Sovereign, Donna Maria I., was under the influence of a party hostile to him. One of the Queen's earliest acts was the release of the still surviving prisoners who had been accused of complicity in the "Tavora conspiracy." The miserable appearance of these unhappy victims of his tyranny on quitting the dungeons in which they had been immured for eighteen years, caused a great reaction against Pombal. Of the prisoners, the Marquis of Alorna and the surviving Tavoras refused to accept their release unless accompanied by a legal acquittal. Pombal now more than once sent in his resignation, but it was not accepted. At length the Queen proceeded to dismiss him from the various offices which he had so long held. His final dismissal from the Interior was conveyed in a decree the terms of which were almost complimentary. The case of Alorna and the Tavoras was submitted to a tribunal which completely exonerated them from their alleged guilt. The Jesuits, in spite of the recent abolition of their Society, began to again raise their heads. A subscription of Donna Maria to the support of those who had been sent to Rome, encouraged some of them to take the bold resolution of returning to Lisbon. The combined efforts of these returned ex-Jesuits and the released prisoners were directed to obtaining the complete revision and annulling of the sentence passed in the Tavora case. These efforts were so far successful that a special tribunal convoked to examine the sentence gave judgment to the effect that the Duke of Aveiro and his servants only were guilty of the crime committed on the 3rd September, 1758. But this hardly satisfied the enemies of the Marquis of Pombal, and the cry for justice was followed by one for vengeance. A former victim of the late minister's arbitrary measures, named Caldeira, on his return from exile, attempted to regain some property of which he had been deprived, and which had come into the hands of Pombal; and with that object published a pamphlet attacking both the public and

the private character of the Marquis. The latter issued a reply, which was in reality a long and even tedious vindication of his whole career. The contents of this reply so irritated the Queen that she ordered the pamphlet itself to be burned, and at length decided upon instituting an inquiry into the conduct of the fallen Minister. His papers were seized, and a commission proceeded, towards the end of 1779, to Pombal, whither he had retired, to interrogate him personally. The aged Marquis (he was now in his eighty-first year) exhibited a painful spectacle during this examination. He appears to have lost himself in a maze of quibbles, contradictions, and equivocations, caused partly, perhaps, by fear of the results of the inquiry, and partly by physical weakness, which occasionally cut short his replies. On receipt of the final report of the commissioners, the Queen issued, on the 15th August, 1781, a decree, declaring Pombal guilty of great crimes and deserving of exemplary punishment; but that in consideration of his age and infirmities, and his humble prayers for pardon, he was only to be banished, until further orders, to a distance of twenty leagues from the Court. The publication of this decree inspired the aged statesman with the courage which he had failed to exhibit when in the presence of his judges, and he drew up and published a long memoir, under the title of "A Petition to the Queen," in which he attempted to vindicate himself from the charges made against him, and especially from that of having enriched himself at the expense of his country. The petition was not listened to, and indeed attracted little notice, and the fallen Minister survived its publication only a few months. He breathed his last on May 8, 1782, having almost completed his eighty-third year, in a small and squalid room, which may still be seen, on the market-place of Pombal.

In person Pombal was tall, with a handsome countenance, regular features, and bright and piercing eyes. His voice is said to have been remarkably pleasing. His imperious disposition was tempered by much bonhomie and an occasional rough jocularly. This latter characteristic is testified by several anecdotes, one of which is worth relating. Dom Joseph had proposed that all persons of Jewish extraction should be made to wear, as a mark of distinction, white hats. Few families in Portugal were free from some intermixture of Jewish blood. Pombal one day appeared at the palace with two white hats under his arm, and on being questioned by the

King, informed him, that in consequence of the proposed edict, he had provided one for His Majesty and one for himself. The joke had the effect of keeping back the decree. The despatches of the foreign envoys to the Court of Lisbon establish the fact that Pombal was not devoid of that almost cynical frankness which is not an unknown characteristic of eminent ministers and imperious negotiators in our own day. He has been accused of having greatly enriched himself whilst in office, and his friends have endeavoured to prove that he received nothing beyond the regular income of his various employments. But it is not the less true that he who, as we have seen, began life in but indifferent circumstances, left a wealthy family and considerable estates. It can scarcely be said that his memory is revered in Portugal; true views on political science are making their way there as in other countries, and though his name is not now pursued with the hatred which it once evoked, his claims to be considered a great Minister are looked upon as at least an open question.

We shall conclude this article by producing a literary curiosity, unknown to all but a very small number of our readers—a character of Pombal by the author (as we hold him to be) of the “*Letters of Junius*.” In 1773, Mr. Francis (who had just left the War Office) employed his leisure in translating an *Essay on Circulation and Credit*, by M. de Pinto, a philosophical economist living at Amsterdam. The book was published in London in the following year, under the name of his friend, Stephen Baggs. But the translation and the copious notes added to the text are the work of Francis, written, it will be observed, between the cessation of the “*Letters of Junius*” and his departure for India. At the end of the volume a note is added of nearly ten quarto pages, on the relations of Portugal and Great Britain, in which Francis has evidently introduced the result of his experience and observation, when he formed part of Lord Kinnoul’s mission to Lisbon, several years before. The whole passage is extremely curious, but we must content ourselves with extracting the following notice of the Marquis of Pombal:—

“All the commercial ideas of the minister are founded upon one general maxim, that trade, in order to be prosperous, should not be free. Accordingly, he has heaped project upon project, and regulation upon regulation; and destroyed a healthy constitution, by confining it to a sickly regimen, and by loading it with

prescriptions. He has made it his study to distress foreign merchants, and to drive them out of the kingdom. He has put the vineyards and their produce, the only internal source of wealth to Portugal, under the check and control of a monopoly; and he has confined a considerable part of the Brazil trade to two exclusive companies, the principle and spirit of which is, to make the greatest profits upon the smallest outset or venture. If the Pernambuco and Maranhão companies had succeeded, it was his intention to have taken the same care of the Bahia and Rio trade. But the first subscriptions were completed with so much difficulty, that it would have been in vain to attempt new ones. One would think that he meant to contract the commerce of his country, and to stifle industry at its birth. The event has corresponded with the design. In the year 1759, the fleet from Pernambuco consisted of forty-five ships. In the year 1772, the trade to that settlement employed only eighteen. To support the credit of the new companies, he thought it advisable to issue an edict, which ordered that their actions should be a legal tender, and be accepted, at an arbitrary valuation fixed by the directors, as so much specie; that is, in other words, that the natives, who are constantly the debtors, should remove the burthen from themselves, and impose it upon their foreign creditors. This, however, was an attempt too extravagant to be supported. Such are the general plans and such the temporary expedients, from which we are to collect an opinion of the minister’s capacity. The facts I refer to are notorious. In a country, where the true principles of trade are understood, it is unnecessary to prove that, in theory, no better consequences were to be expected from a system so false and anti-commercial. The Portuguese must be taught by experience.

“To form a judgment of his political measures, we should compare the defenceless state of Portugal with the general plan of ambition of the united house of Bourbon, and the particular claims and enmity of the crown of Spain. The independence of Portugal can only be maintained by cultivating the friendship of the other powers of Europe, particularly by confirming the ancient alliance with the only nation that ever has, or ever can engage effectually in her defence. These are essential objects, not to be compared with any temporary advantages, and from which a wise minister will not suffer his attention to be diverted. It is needless to say how little they have been regarded in the political system of the Marquis of Pombal. Upon the whole, it must be admitted, that the proofs of his ministerial abilities are of an extraordinary nature. His commercial experience and information have led him to divide the trade of his country into monopolies. His policy has taught him to provoke the natural enemies, and to alienate the natural allies, of the crown. His two systems correspond and co-operate with each other. In consequence of receiving all

foreigners upon the same footing in Portugal, and of laying all foreign trade under equal restraint, it ceases to be a great natural interest to any one nation to maintain the independence of the kingdom. A union of inferior states, in favour of a court with whom they have no solid foundation of alliance, is not to be expected, nor would it be effectual. His country then, with a small internal force, and destitute of all alliance, is left exposed to the invasion of a superior enemy, whose claims are not absolute, and who do not always wait for just or decent pretences to act against Portugal; nor is there a power in Europe, to which his Most Faithful Majesty can say with truth, 'It is *your* interest to protect me.'

"The last question to be considered is, whether he has made the Portuguese a richer or a happier people than he found them? If he has, it must be confessed, that the means he makes use of would hardly have produced that effect in any other country. If he has not, his maxim, *that sovereigns are not to be restrained by treaties from consulting the internal welfare of their subjects*, leaves him without the possibility of a defence. If the measures, which he calls expedient, fail of success, he is precluded from pleading any obstructions that might arise from the engagements of the crown with foreign nations. The conclusion reverts, with accumulated force, against the wisdom and mildness of his administration. Hitherto it has been only marked by the blood of the principal nobility, and universal oppression of the people. There can be no increase of wealth in a country where industry is effectually discouraged, and no man's property secure. There can be no domestic content or happiness among a people, one half of which are spies upon the other. Racks, gibbets, and dungeons are the emblems and resources of his government. It is but the natural consequence of such a government that the Portuguese, with many advantages of personal character and local situation, are the meanest and most degraded people, and the crown of Portugal the least respected, of any in Europe.

"Sir Benjamin Keene, who knew the Marquis of Pombal early in life, emphatically describes him as a *conceited and puzzled head*. How far the intrepidity of his spirit may de-

serve the opinion conceived of it, can only be determined by experiment. He may have penetration enough to see into the genius of the people he treats with, and may proportion his own firmness to their apparent want of it. But this part of his character has never been fairly put to the proof, at least by Great Britain. If any further presumption in favour of his abilities should be drawn from his having raised himself to an absolute dominion over his country, and maintained it so long, it may be weakened by considering, that the government of Portugal is despotic, and that the talents and intrigues which ingratiate a servant with his master are sometimes the least likely to qualify him for the government of a kingdom. He is sagacious; but having seldom the good fortune to reason upon right principles, his sagacity, in many important instances, serves only to mislead him. He has had experience; but ill-considered facts, without principles or instruction, have perplexed his understanding. Of this we see a signal instance in the conclusions he drew from the establishment of one or two great exclusive trading companies in England and Holland. If his zeal for the good of his country be ardent, it certainly is not luminous. He is industrious beyond measure; but his industry, supported by a jealousy of all competition with him, has this dangerous effect, that while he engrosses more of the executive branch than he can possibly support, no one office of the state is executed as it should be, and business stands still. It is also to be apprehended, that, by his excluding the inferior ministers from confidence and information, the kingdom at his death will probably be left without a man in office, in any way qualified to succeed him. This is the common policy of favourites; but it presents no idea of a great, superior mind. Considering his uniform plan of conduct towards the natural allies and natural enemies of Portugal, we may allow him a degree of personal intrepidity, which does no great honor to his discretion. The proofs of it, in his internal government, are more equivocal. It does not seem to require much firmness or resolution to employ an armed force in the oppression of a poor, spiritless, unresisting people. Tyrants, who have trembled on their thrones, have done it with success."

INSECT LIFE IN A COAL PIT.—Of late the miners employed at Muiredge coal pit, a little to the north of Buckhaven, and on the Wemyss estate, have felt considerable annoyance in consequence of large winged insects fluttering around the flames of their lamps and often extinguishing them. A miner named William Semple had his attention directed to several gimlet-like holes in the wooden props that support the workings, and on closely examining

the same discovered live moth-like insects in the cavities. They are evidently foreigners. The wood of which the props were made came from abroad, and they have been in the pit for between three and four years. The insects are in many cases just emerging from their birth-places into active life under ground, and resemble wasps, but are not altogether like those in this country.

Public Opinion.

From Fraser's Magazine.
THE BURGOMASTER'S FAMILY; OR, WEAL
AND WOE IN A LITTLE WORLD.

BY CHRISTINE MULLER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DUTCH BY SIR JOHN
SHAW LEFEBVRE.

CHAPTER IX.

DOMESTIC SKETCHES.

"Oh, sun, why do you shine so fiercely into the room? I shall just take the liberty of drawing down the blinds before your very nose."

It was Elizabeth who, three days after the much talked-of ball which had terminated so sadly, addressed these words to the September sun as it shone into Emmy's room, and threw its kindly rays on her pretty fair head, that turned restlessly backwards and forwards on her pillow.

In the capacity of nurse, Elizabeth had taken up her abode in the sick room, and never was an invalid more carefully and tenderly nursed than Emmy by the young girl who was a sister to her, not only in name, but in affection.

"Now then, Physic, let us see whether Emmy will have anything more to say to you to-day than yesterday?" With these words she went up to the bed with a glass of medicine in her hand. But Emmy pushed her hand away, saying in a peevish voice, "Do let me alone with that bitter stuff."

"Bitter in den mond, is voor het hart gezond," exclaimed Elizabeth, setting down the glass; but the next moment she was kneeling down by the bed, and taking Emmy's hand, said in a tender voice of entreaty:

"Come, dear Emmy, do not be so difficult; take the draught the doctor ordered for you. Who knows what good it may do you? I should so like to see you better again soon."

"Physic won't do me any good, Elizabeth."

"What will do you good, then, dear?"

"If you will only answer the question I asked you three days ago — What has happened to Mr. Eversberg? Don't you understand that I cannot rest till I am set at ease as to what has happened to my friends?"

"Oh, don't be always thinking of that, Emmy dear. Come, the matter must have its course. Dr. Brewer says that you were frightened by what occurred that night at the ball, and that we must let it alone until you are better. Come, drink up the draught like a good child, and do not ask me any more questions

about things which I am not to talk about." And she again handed her the glass, but Emmy, raising herself up in bed, laid her feverish, burning cheek against Elizabeth's, and said to her in a beseeching tone:

"I will do as you wish, Elizabeth, and drink the whole bottle at one draught if you insist on it; but then you must tell me if Mr. Eversberg is still in prison."

Elizabeth hesitated a moment; she then simply said, "No, Emmy, he is no longer in prison."

"Then he is innocent," said Emmy with a deep sigh of relief. But Elizabeth shut her mouth with a kiss, and laid her head back on the pillow.

"I have kept my part of the contract," she said playfully; "now you must keep yours."

And Emmy took the draught and slept after it more tranquilly than she had done for some days.

Her illness had begun the day after the fête. She had held out well that evening, till the very end. When Bruno was speaking those terrible words about his father the room seemed to turn round; and when she understood clearly the sad fact which he announced, her instinctive sense of what would be unbecoming could hardly restrain her from obeying the impulse of her heart and hastening to Bruno as he stood there in the middle of the ball-room speaking to the crowd.

Of what happened afterwards, she had but a confused recollection. She knew that she had walked home on Otto's arm; that he had taken her to her room; and that later Elizabeth, nervously laughing and crying, was undressing there, and was chattering about the events of the evening; and that still later, after Elizabeth had left her, she had gone to bed cold and shivering, and could not sleep on account of the painful possibilities which kept whirling through her head as to the cause of the arrest of Bruno's father.

Towards morning she had fallen asleep, but when she awoke the noonday sun shone into her room, and Mrs. Welters and the doctor were standing by the bed, and she heard him say, "Frightened — caught a chill — keep quite quiet and warm — I'll give you a prescription — better in a few days."

And thus they had quieted her with soothing words whenever she brought forward the subject of the Eversbergs, which, during the last two days she had in vain attempted to do with innumerable diplomatic manoeuvres; even Elizabeth, who in

general did not make her heart a place of concealment, was on this subject as mute as a fish.

All this had, however, so increased Emmy's restlessness that she could no longer endure the uncertainty, and hence ensued the conversation we have just related.

From this moment Emmy grew better, and when, a few days later, she was sitting up in her arm-chair as a convalescent and Otto came to visit her, she took advantage of the opportunity to send Elizabeth downstairs on some pretext or other. Elizabeth had no sooner left the room, than Emmy exclaimed:

"And now, Otto, you must tell me all about it."

"Tell you what, Emmy?"

Two great tears glistened in her eyes.

"Why may I not know what has happened to Mr. Eversberg?" she said in a sad, reproachful tone. "Can none of you know that this uncertainty makes me ill, and that otherwise I should have been well long ago? But I tell you what, Otto," she continued in a decided tone, while a deep blush spread over her cheeks, "if you don't tell me the truth and the whole truth I will go to the foundry, ill or well, and enquire for myself."

There was an expression in Emmy's eyes which convinced Otto that it would be better for her to hear the truth from his lips; for without fulfilling her threat literally, she would be sure to come to know it in some way or other. But he answered her playfully, "Then I shall warn the police to keep a sharp look-out on all females escaping from their doctors." Finding, however, that she only turned away from him impatiently, he said in a serious tone as he took her hand in his:

"Dear Emmy, if we have told you nothing of what has happened, you may be sure that we acted with the best intentions, for we thought that bad news would always come soon enough."

"But Elizabeth assured me that he is no longer in prison," said Emmy, interrupting.

"There Elizabeth was right, Emmy; he is no longer in prison, but he is beyond the reach of all suffering and sorrow and human justice."

"Is he dead, Otto?"

"Yes, dear child; on the morning after he was taken to prison he was found dead in his bed. At first it was thought that he had put an end to himself, but the physicians have certified that he had a paralytic stroke, probably brought on by intense grief. He had spent the night in

writing a long letter to Bruno, which was found on the table."

"Was he guilty?" The question was asked hesitatingly in a half whisper.

"Yes, Emmy; of that alas! there is no possible doubt. Many years ago he, together with one of the clerks, must have murdered his master. Naturally there are many stories in circulation, which, for the most part, are exaggerated accounts of the affair. When you go out again you will hear more versions of it than you will like. I shall therefore confine myself to the main facts, which amount to this: that a certain Stellenburg, whom you may remember to have heard spoken of as the murderer of the former owner of the foundry, appears after the deed to have absconded to America, where, by a curious chain of events, he had lately come across the son of the murdered man, and had confessed the crime on his death-bed and had betrayed the name of his accomplice. This son, Joseph Müller, must have brought the deposition of Stellenburg, signed by him and two witnesses, to Europe, and on the evening of the ball he came straight to Dilburg with an officer of justice from Arnheim, who arrested Mr. Eversberg forthwith. There, Emmy, now you know the whole truth; take care that it does not agitate you more than is good for you."

Emmy's only answer was a fresh burst of tears; but when the first outbreak of emotion was over, she quickly recovered herself.

"What a fearful thing it is for Aunt Johanna and Bruno!" she exclaimed. "Oh, if only I were not ill just at this time! Will you tell them that I cannot go to them?"

"My dear child, they know that you are ill! They have denied themselves to everyone almost without exception, and have thus shut the door on the curiosity of indifferent people, which would, of course, be so painful to them. But I have been with them every day, and have been able to be of use to them in many things. This morning I went with Bruno to the churchyard. It was a sad duty which the poor young fellow had to perform. In order that it might all take place very quietly, and to prevent a crowd collecting we had gone very early in the morning to the churchyard, whither the coffin had been brought in the night. When we arrived there, notwithstanding the early hour we found the churchyard full of workpeople from the foundry, who had got wind of the time appointed for the funeral, and wished to pay the last mark of respect to their

old master. It seemed as if either everyone had forgotten that it was a criminal that was being consigned to the grave, or as if death in their eyes had atoned for the crime. Many came up to Bruno before they cast the handfuls of earth on the coffin, and in their way spoke a kind word to him. One said how good Mr. Eversberg had been to the lowest among them. Another remembered that the master had paid him three month's wages when he had been thrown out of work by illness. A third told of medical aid supplied to him and his family, and of journeys paid for in order that he might visit an aged mother. I really believe, Emmy, that it did Bruno good, although I saw he was frightened when he found that the churchyard was not empty as he had expected; and when he heard the grateful words spoken of his father, he lifted up his head again, and thanked the speakers by a pressure of the hand. But as he was going out of the churchyard there was standing at the gate the overseer of the works, who had been dismissed for dishonesty last year, and just as Bruno passed him this man said, with a scornful laugh:

"'Pride cometh before a fall, my good sir. I had much rather be called a thief than a murderer!'

"Bruno very wisely took no notice of these insulting words, even by a look; but I believe that they did away with much of the good impression produced by the heartiness of the workmen.

"I was glad for his sake when the sad ceremony was over; but Emmy, I wish I could make it clear to you how nobly Bruno has conducted himself during the whole of this melancholy affair. You are, of course, aware that it must make a great change, both to himself and to his mother. He began by writing a letter to Mr. Müller, stating that his mother and he would vacate the house without fail in a fortnight, and would then hand over to him all the money and money's worth which were in their hands; that Mr. Müller was at liberty to take immediate possession of the foundry, and make any inventories he thought fit. Upon this Mr. Joseph Müller asked for an interview, which Bruno acceded to; and Mr. Müller told him that he would not take any money or property, except what was in hand at the time of his father's death, and which he knew through Stellenburg it was his father's intention to have left him; that all money and property acquired since that time must be regarded as honourably gained, and as belonging to no one but the widow and

son of the man who had earned them by his own industry. He also said that although he had felt bound to avenge the murder of his father on him who had done the deed, it had formed no part of his plan to enrich himself at the cost of those who were as innocent of the deed as himself, and who, to his real sorrow, must be involved in the fall of the murderer.

"Bruno, however, was immovable on this point, and was fully supported by his mother.

"Money earned by means of that money which had been acquired by crime, he neither could nor would regard as his own; and, in refusing it, he was fully convinced that he was acting according to the wish of his father. Fortunately, Aunt Johanna has some means of her own, and as she is to live with a niece in Rotterdam, who immediately on hearing of her misfortune offered her a home, she will not want much for herself, and will therefore be able to afford Bruno some assistance for a few years."

"And Bruno, Otto—what are his plans?" asked Emmy, anxiously.

"Bruno has already applied for his discharge from the navy. He says that, after what has occurred, he could no longer serve honourably, and he owes it to his comrades to leave the service. And perhaps he is right, poor young fellow, although, for my own part, I cannot conceive that any one would be so indelicate as to make him suffer for guilt which is not his own. What his plans are, however, I do not know, for he says but little; and what I do know, I know through his mother, and not from himself."

Here the entrance of Elizabeth broke off the conversation between Otto and Emmy.

"Just as I thought," she exclaimed, indignantly; and added, in a snappish tone, "you must have done with my patient, Mr. Long-tongue. Don't you know how to behave better than to make Emmy cry?"

And to embrace Emmy and weep with her was for Elizabeth the work of a moment.

In spite of all this, Emmy was far more calm and tranquil now she knew what was going on than when she was brooding over what were mere conjectures.

She was, indeed, forced to admit that it was worse than the worst she had imagined, and she felt almost ashamed to find that the grievous misfortune which had overtaken her friends, and the wretchedness which it brought upon them, were, as

regards herself, lost in the sad, hopeless thought, that Bruno must go away from her, and that, perhaps, she might never see him again.

After the first day and night, however, when her tears had flowed almost incessantly, she was much calmer than before. Elizabeth had now no difficulty in making her follow the doctor's advice, and she even now and then joined in the merriment which with Elizabeth was inexhaustible, and which just now served to sustain Emmy in her recovery. But it was just this imperturbable good humour, this continual disposition to fun, which made Emmy fearful of confiding to her the secret which so often burnt upon her lips — the secret of her love for Bruno, and what had passed between them at the ball. It turned out, moreover, that her confession of it was rendered more difficult because Elizabeth took it into her head that any recollection of events connected with the Eversbergs would make Emmy melancholy, and that the best way to make her forget the fate of her friends was to mention their names as little as possible.

As often as Emmy brought the conversation round to the subject of Bruno with a view to arrive at making her confession, Elizabeth contrived to turn it off again by a laugh, or by introducing another subject; and thus Emmy, perceiving her object, became silent herself on the subject she had most at heart, so that from that time all that related to the Eversberg family became a tabooed topic between the two young ladies.

One morning, a few days after Emmy's conversation with Otto, Mrs. Welters came into her room.

"Quite dressed, are you, Emmy?" she asked, with some surprise.

"Yes, mamma; I wish to come downstairs to-day. I feel perfectly well, and I will make no bad use of the good care which has been taken of me."

"I think you should remain upstairs for a few days," said Mrs. Welters. "Elizabeth is quite willing to sit with you, that you know; and it is better that it should be so."

"But, mamma," said Emmy, whilst a slight blush coloured her yet pale cheek, "I want to come downstairs to-day, so that I may be able to go out to-morrow."

"I see no kind of necessity for that," replied Mrs. Welters, in the decisive tone which always alarmed Emmy; "and what is more, so long as the wind is in the north, I will not consent to it."

The blush on Emmy's cheek grew deep-

er, whilst she said bravely but in a half beseeching tone:

"Mamma, I must go out to-morrow, or the day after to-morrow at latest; and if you think it too cold, I will ask you to let me drive."

"And pray where do you wish to go, miss?" This was said in a sharp tone which promised little for Emmy's request, and which for a moment quite frightened her.

But after a little hesitation, she answered:

"To Mrs. Eversberg's, to wish her goodbye before she goes."

"I would be candid, Emmy, and not name the mother when I meant the son."

"All the blood left Emmy's face at these words of her stepmother, who at the same moment gave her a piercing look as if she would discover her most secret thoughts.

But Emmy did not shrink from this look, and recovering herself quickly, looked Mrs. Welters steadily in the face and continued fearlessly: "Yes, mamma, I will also take leave of Bruno as well as his mother. I think it my duty to say a word of comfort and sympathy to old friends in the great sorrow that has come upon them; and it was for this that I told you I must go out."

Emmy had spoken these last words in a no less decisive tone than Mrs. Welters; yet she added more submissively, whilst her countenance resumed the expression of entreaty, "I hope you have nothing against this, mamma."

"As we are upon this subject, Emmy, I will at once tell you that I have thought your conduct towards Bruno Eversberg for the last few months very unbecoming; especially on the evening of the ball. I admit that young Eversberg may have entertained serious intentions towards you, and that you are probably not disinclined towards him yourself; and, as far as that goes, in former circumstances he would have been a very proper match for you. But you must agree with me that it would be little honourable for us if your name were now to be coupled with that of the son of a criminal and I fear that your behaviour has given more occasion for that than I like. In one word, Emmy, every one knows that you are indisposed, and the Eversbergs cannot take it ill if on that account you cannot visit them; whilst a visit from you would create food for gossip in the town, which would not be agreeable either to your father or to myself."

"Papa cannot intend that I should

feign indisposition in order not to visit the friend of my mother and my old play-fellow now that they are unfortunate," was Emmy's reply, spoken in an impassioned tone, whilst the tears sprang from her eyes. "I should be ashamed for the sake of the memory of my mother, who loved them; I should be ashamed for my own sake, if such a motive as the gossip of the Dilburgers should keep me back. I entreat you, mamma, do not require this of me; let me go for a few moments to them, and I shall be grateful to you for my whole life."

Calm and unmoved, Mrs. Welters let her speak, and when she stopped, replied:

"Listen: once for all, Emmy, I am not used to any contradiction from my children, when I have come to a resolution in a matter in which I think I can judge better than they can. I cannot submit to it from you, and we therefore will not exchange any further words on the subject. I repeat, that it is my wish that you remain at home until the Eversbergs shall have left the place. If you do not act according to my wishes, you must take the consequences. It is the first proof that I shall accept of your obedience; and if you wish, as you have just said, to win my goodwill, you can now show that obedience to me. I look to deeds, and think very little of words."

Oh, how Emmy disliked her step-mother, who upon this left the room, and Emmy heard her go into the next room as calmly as if nothing had happened, to see if all was in order there. At that moment Emmy detested the cold, hard heart, which knew nothing but calculation and self-interest, and pitilessly excluded every feeling at variance with stern reason.

Sobbing aloud, she threw herself upon the bed. In half an hour she got up with burning cheeks and paced up and down the room in an excited state.

A fierce contest between love and duty raged within her. There was a moment when she hastened to the door with a sudden determination to call in the intervention of her father. She felt instinctively that her step-mother's mention of her father's disapproval was a fiction, and that he ought to hear the first word of the affair from herself.

But the next moment she thought better of it, and withdrew her hand from the door. To be the cause of dissension between man and wife, to sow contention where before her return home peace had reigned, to come to her father with complaints against his wife! . . .

No, a thousand times rather bear the consequences of her disobedience than that; for, excited as she was, Emmy was yet quite able to see clearly the whole seriousness of the case.

The visit to the Eversbergs was to be the choice of peace or war between herself and her stepmother. The wish of her stepmother had been made known in terms which would make it a definite defiance if Emmy should disobey her. And yet what was the approbation or disapprobation of her stepmother compared with her love for Bruno and her passionate longing to see and speak to him once more?

It was a contention which lasted the whole day.

Emmy did not go downstairs, as had been her plan in the morning. Her mind was in too rebellious condition for her to be able to meet the gaze of Mrs. Welters, and she did not feel in a state to control herself sufficiently to conceal from the family what was going on within her.

To Elizabeth only, in the fullness of her heart, she poured out her distress, saying in conclusion, "I must go, Elizabeth; I will not. I cannot give it up."

But Elizabeth tried in every way to calm her.

"Don't do it, Emma, she said. "Believe me, I know mamma better than you do. She would never forgive you; and you can't think how unhappy I should be if you were not good friends with her. And mamma is really right about this wind being too sharp for anyone who has been ill. Who knows but what Bruno may come here just once to take leave? Come, Emmy dear, promise me you won't think of it any more."

But Emmy did not promise. The more she thought over the matter, the more unreasonable seemed the wish of her stepmother, and the more her heart rebelled against it.

All Elizabeth's endeavours to cheer her, therefore, suffered a total shipwreck that day, and when at last Elizabeth began to read aloud to her, her thoughts wandered far away from the book, which at any other time would certainly have interested her.

Towards evening she came to the resolution to write a note to Otto in which she entreated him to come to her on his way home from Uncle van Stein's. She would lay the case before Otto, and tell him what had occurred between Bruno and herself on the evening of the ball. She would yield to his opinion, and that, too,

even if he prescribed obedience. It was a great disappointment to her when Mary sent back her note, with a few lines to say that Otto had not been with her that evening, and that he was gone to pay a visit at Beckley and in all probability would not return till late.

In her disappointment, Emmy tore up her note into a hundred pieces, and her desire to call in Otto's counsel disappeared with her vain endeavours to find him.

That night sleep obstinately kept away from Emmy's bed. When the first dawn of morning began to trace the outlines of her room and its furniture she lay with her eyes open gazing into the diminishing obscurity, more and more excited by her sleepless night, and wavering more and more between obedience and opposition. In this mood many recollections of her childhood passed before her mind, recollections of the friendship which, in the lifetime of her mother, had united the families of Eversberg and Welters; recollections of many a day of enjoyment in the little outings and expeditions made together in the neighbourhood; recollections of sorrow on both sides accepted and borne as sorrows in common; recollections full of thankfulness, as Emmy thought, for the almost motherly love with which Mrs. Eversberg had treated her from her earliest childhood, and for the loving reception which, after her long absence, she had met with from this now severely tried family; and then, again, the thought of Bruno, the beloved playfellow of her youth, and the thousand memories in which he played a prominent part, floated like visions in the half-darkness around her; and when at last she fell asleep, it was with a happy smile on her lips, and her resolution was taken. When she woke up it seemed as if, with the short slumber after the sleepless night, all doubt had departed from her.

Elizabeth was not a little pleased, and somewhat surprised, to find that Emmy, compared with what she was the day before, was so calm and cheerful. She concluded from it that Emmy had acquiesced in the wishes of her mother, but as Emmy did not speak of it she thought it best to let the matter rest.

And, moreover, that morning Elizabeth's thoughts were occupied by such weighty matters, that there was not so much room left for Emmy's concerns as usual.

It was nothing more nor less than a great party which the notary Klink was giving on the occasion of his daughter's betrothal, and which Elizabeth was to at-

tend that evening; for the intended bride was a school acquaintance of hers, and had herself been to Mrs. Welters to ask her consent.

This party, and a new blue silk dress to which the finishing touches had to be given before the evening, was what set Elizabeth to work with such activity, and entirely drove into the background the conflict between her mother and Emmy.

Sitting with her work in Emmy's room, her tongue went as fast as her busy hands; and she was hardly silent for a moment, even when her mouth was so full of pins that the act of speaking involved the risk of her life.

But, with few exceptions, her talk was all about what concerned herself; in the first place, about all the expectations for the evening which she indulged in; what acquaintances she would meet among the guests; what dresses and ornaments they would probably wear; how surprised and disgusted a certain Lisa Blom would be at her new dress. In all these suppositions Emmy did her best between whiles to show her sympathy by suitable words, while her own fingers flew and readily helped in the completion of the before-mentioned masterpiece.

But when Elizabeth, who had had her coffee upstairs with Emmy, went down for a moment to consult her mother on some trifling difficulty in her work, Emmy instantly made use of the opportunity to carry out her intention.

Hastily taking her cloak and hat out of the wardrobe, she put them on hurriedly, slipped softly down stairs, and without anyone remarking her reached the front door and the street.

CHAPTER X.

A GENEROUS STRUGGLE, IN WHICH LOVE TRIUMPHS.

THE weather was more favourable than on any of the previous days during Emmy's illness. She felt, indeed, somewhat dizzy for the first few moments, but the sensation was quickly overcome by the wonderfully exhilarating effect which the fresh air has upon one who has been confined to the house for a longer or shorter period.

But Emmy's heart beat anxiously at the thought of her disobedience and its consequences. The nearer she approached to the foundry, the more she was satisfied with her decision; but she felt nervous and worried when she rang at the well-remembered door.

As she stood on the doorstep and the noise of the foundry reached her as of old, whilst the trees and shrubs were visible just as before over the garden wall, when the old servant with his familiar face opened the door, then it seemed to Emmy like a dream, that this house was a house of mourning, and that she had come to say farewell to a family stained with shame.

But when she entered the well-known sitting-room and Mrs. Eversberg stood before her in deep mourning, the sad truth seemed to break upon her in its full force; then all outward calmness forsook her, and sobbing she threw herself into the arms of the poor widow.

"He was so good to me, Emmy!" This was the only complaint which the trembling lips uttered; and this was the only feeling into which all reproach and all pain had resolved themselves; and to weep with her was the only way in which Emmy knew how to express her deep-felt sympathy. After the first emotion was over, they sat hand in hand by each other, and became so far composed that it was possible for them to converse.

"To know, Emmy, that he suffered so much during all these years, my poor husband, and then to think that I never noticed any of it, that I sat by his side cheerful and contented whilst he underwent the greatest remorse and torture. To be glad that God has taken him to himself, and yet to be able to say that even now he is as dear to me as before—"

Emmy felt intense compassion for the poor widow, and the last grain of repentance for her disobedience vanished when Bruno's mother laid open to her her poor heavily tried heart.

Gradually the future was spoken of between them; but time was costly to Mrs. Eversberg, who had so much to look after and put in order before her departure, which was close at hand, and every moment they were disturbed by one or other of the servants, who came to bring messages or receive orders.

At length, when Mrs. Eversberg was sent for to be present at the closing of a box, Emmy ventured to ask after Bruno, whose name had been trembling on her lips during the whole time of her visit.

"Bruno is up stairs in the front room packing up his clothes," answered Mrs. Eversberg. "Would you like to go to him, whilst I am busy with this trunk? He has always thought so much of you, that I am sure a friendly word from you would do him good. Will you?"

A few moments later, her repeated knocks having been unanswered, Emmy entered the room where Bruno was. He was sitting before a small table placed by the window; his head supported by his hands, and his back turned to the door, he seemed to be sunk in such profound thought that he did not remark Emmy's entrance, and he appeared to have forgotten everything around him, even the clothes lying about on the chairs and table which he evidently intended to put into the trunk standing open near him.

Unobserved as she had entered, Emmy went up to him, calling him softly by his name, as she laid her hand on his shoulder.

Bruno started up as if struck by an electric shock. A deep red came over his face, to give way the next moment to a deathlike paleness, which made all too evident the stamp which sorrow had imprinted on his countenance in the last few days.

That face, so pale and fallen away, with the hollow, mournful eyes, with the painful expression of the mouth which formerly had seldom opened but with a smile, was to Emmy like the face of a stranger, and spoke of mental sufferings which made her heart overflow with compassion and tenderness.

But neither of them spoke a word, whilst he hastily cleared a chair for Emmy and placed it by the window. It was not till she had sat down there that Bruno sufficiently mastered his emotions to be able to speak.

"It is kind of you, Emmy, to come to us once more. I could hardly have dared to count upon it."

The tone in which he spoke sounded to Emmy's ears cold and strange, quite different from the last time when he had spoken to her. He did not, moreover, go and sit by her, but stood with one hand leaning on the table and with the other stroking back his hair.

"You could hardly have dared to count upon it, Bruno? But you know well that I should have come before had I not been prevented by my illness, and that I must have been very ill indeed had I let you and your mother depart without coming to wish you good-bye."

"My intention was to have come this evening to take leave of your family," said Bruno, gradually recovering his calmness, and speaking in a more natural voice. "I shall do but little in this way besides, but I meant to make your family an exception; for always, and especially during the last

few months, I have enjoyed so much kindness from them that I should feel I had been ungrateful if I went away, without saying good-bye in person."

He said this as if the intended visit required a justification or excuse before Emmy.

As yet not a single word of comfort or sympathy had been spoken by her, and Bruno also did not allude to the misfortunes which had overtaken his mother and himself.

He had at last sat down, but at the table and nearly opposite the place where Emmy sat.

It was she who first broke silence :

"I hear, Bruno, that you have asked for your discharge from the navy."

"Yes; and what is more, I have just received it." He pointed to the papers which lay before him on the table.

"Your mother told me that your plan is to go to America."

"Yes, that is my plan," answered Bruno. "When I was at New York a few years ago, I had letters of introduction to a certain Mr. Siddons, a rich merchant, who then received me so kindly and hospitably that after a fortnight's stay at his house I parted from him and his wife with the regret that one only feels in leaving old and true friends. Since that time I have been in constant correspondence with him, and I wish now to apply to him to obtain through his influence some employment or other. A man who is young and healthy, and will take his coat off to his work, is never at a loss, Emmy, and especially in America. This is my least sorrow."

Again there was an interval of silence. When Bruno was again about to say something, and looked up at Emmy, he seemed struck with her unusual paleness, and with more warmth than he had yet spoken he said in an anxious tone: "I hope you are quite recovered, Emmy? Perhaps it was too cold for you to have come out."

"I do not know, Bruno. I did not notice it, and it was quite indifferent to me; for, as I told you, I wished to say good-bye to you and your mother, and—I wished before doing so to answer a question which till now I have had no opportunity of answering."

Bruno looked up in surprise at these last soft-spoken words uttered by Emmy. But the expression of her face left no doubt in him as to her meaning.

"Oh, Emmy!" It was with half a sigh and half a sob that he pronounced her name in a tone of despair, whilst he hid

his face in his hands. But a moment afterwards, Emmy was by his side; she threw her arms round his neck and laid her head on his shoulder.

"Bruno," she whispered, "I love you with my whole heart and soul; I shall never love anyone but you. Why do you speak to me so coldly? Do you think that I love you less because you are unfortunate? Do you think it was your money or your name that I loved? Oh, Bruno, what have I done to deserve that you should think this of me?"

But Bruno did not answer; tears dropped through his fingers, and suppressed sobs shook his whole frame.

When he could speak he said, gently reproaching her: "Emmy, why did you come to make the struggle which I have to go through so hard?"

"Bruno, did you not tell me, on the evening of the ball, that you loved me? Have I so misunderstood that?"

"No, Emmy, but when I said that to you I had a right to say it; then it was an unstained name that I had to offer you; then there was no impossible future to be looked forward to. Emmy, we must both forget what I said to you on that fatal evening. The deep abyss of disgrace is between the past and to-day. But I thank you for having spoken a good word to me; it is a balm which you have laid on the deep wound inflicted on me; it will be a sweet recollection of my country which I shall take away with me to the other side of the ocean. I thank you, Emmy." Passionately he kissed her hand, which still lay in his.

"No, Bruno, I will not forget what took place between us on that evening. What has happened to you in the meantime is not sufficient to cause any change in me. You then asked me whether I would be your wife, and what I could not say that evening I say now; yes, and with all my heart."

"Emmy, do you know that it is the son of a criminal to whom you say these words?"

"And what of that, Bruno? Can the son help the misdeeds of the father?"

"Oh, Emmy! You know too little of the world if you think that it will accept this as an excuse."

"What matters it to me what the world thinks or says, when I know that its judgment is unjust?"

"The world, that is to say, not merely indifferent persons, but your own acquaintances and friends, your parents and nearest relations, Emmy! What answer do

you think your father would give me if I made a proposal to him for your hand?"

Emmy hesitated for an instant. The words of her stepmother, "It would be little honourable for us for our name to be coupled with that of the son of a criminal," sounded in her ears; but at this moment they made her feel even more rebellious than when they were addressed to her.

"I do not know what papa would say, Bruno, and besides it is indifferent to me for you naturally could not ask him now; but what he will say when after a few years you have secured a good position in America by industry and perseverance, concerns us much more. I have had opportunities of thinking all this over very seriously. Do not think that I have deceived myself as to the importance of the grievous history of your poor father, in relation to our future; I see well enough, that we shall have to contend with difficulties and prejudices which in former circumstances would not have presented themselves. But shall that frighten us, Bruno? Shall we on that account sacrifice our happiness and our love? See, I have considered and weighed this all over thoroughly. I am aware, in the first place, that what has been said and settled between us to-day must remain a secret from everyone, even from our nearest relations. I am aware that we must have much strength, much courage, and an unbounded confidence in each other, to struggle through the years which lie before us until our union is possible. But I feel this strength and courage in myself, and I will joyfully give you my word that I shall be prepared to follow you whenever your circumstances permit you to come and fetch me."

Up to this time Bruno had remained sitting in the same position as he was when Emmy had gone to stand by him. Now that she was silent he came to his senses, sprang up, and walked two or three times up and down the room; then suddenly standing still before Emmy, he said in an impassioned tone:

"Oh, Emmy, do not make the temptation too great for me. I may not, I cannot, accept your magnanimous proposition. I should be ashamed of myself if I could make a bad use of this noble impulse of your heart. No, Emmy, with my stained name I cannot say to any woman 'Be mine.' I will not expose anyone, and least of all myself, to the contempt and prejudices of the world. I must not; I ought not."

Overcome with emotion, Bruno turned

away from her; but Emmy remained calm, although her face was deadly pale, and tears glistened in her soft blue eyes.

"Bruno," she said, going up to him and placing her hand on his arm, "I have one question to put to you, which you must answer truly. Won't you?"

Bruno looked at her in some surprise; but as he did not speak, she proceeded.

"Suppose, Bruno, that what has happened to your father had happened to mine; that the misfortune had fallen on our family; that it was we who were plunged in sorrow, and that it was our name which was named with dishonour — what should you have done then, Bruno? Should you have come to me to say that all intercourse between us must be broken off; that we must forget what had passed between us; that your name was too good to be connected with mine. Say, Bruno, would you have done this?"

Bruno gave no answer; but he wrung his hands.

"You do not answer, Bruno. Now, then, I will tell you what you would have done. You would have come to me to assure me that I was as dear to you as before. You would have taken me to your home as your wife in spite of all opinions and prejudices. That is what you would have done, Bruno. And do you know what I should have done? I should not have been too proud to receive from you what your love offered me. I should have thought that my love would make you so happy that the contempt of the world would have found no vacant spot in your heart. I should have thanked God for the faithful heart that still remained to me, although everything else which had made my life worth having had been shipwrecked in the storm which had overtaken me."

When Emmy was silent, Bruno slowly raised his eyes, which had been fixed on the ground, towards her. "Emmy," he said, in a voice of deep emotion, "God bless you for these words. No, I am not too proud to receive the free gift of your love. It was not pride or ingratitude which made me speak as I have done; but the conviction that I should be doing you a great wrong in binding up your lot with mine. You cannot take away that conviction from me; but, Heaven forgive me, the temptation is too great. You are come to me in this fearful hour as an angel of consolation, and I have neither the courage nor the strength to put away from me the dazzling treasure of your love which you place before me. The strength which I thought I had has departed from me. I

know nothing more, I feel nothing more, than that you are inexpressibly dear to me — that I cannot part from you without the hope of seeing you again and some day calling you my own. But I must not accept the sacrifice you would offer me, without putting to you the serious question whether you have weighed the greatness of your sacrifice — whether you know that for my sake you must forsake your country, your father, your relations, and friends, and follow me into a strange land?"

"I know that, Bruno," said Emmy, in a firm tone; "but I also know that we shall be happier on the other side of the ocean than we are here, where there are so many painful recollections for you; that I am not so very necessary or useful to anyone here but that I could go away without leaving a void which would not easily be filled up. My father has his wife — my step-mother her children; Otto and Elizabeth will, before long, form other ties beside their affection for their sister. I have been too long away from my own home for it to be much to me or I to it; at least I cannot be half as much to anyone here as I could be to you out there; and therefore dear Bruno, do not call that a sacrifice which the full conviction of my heart places before my eyes as my happiness. In America a new life lies before us, and I look forward to it without fear. If I could but go with you immediately, and support you by the strength of my love in the trials and difficulties which you are sure to meet with, I should have nothing to wish for; but however that may be, I can do nothing but hope and watch and pray for you. But let it be with a good courage that we part now. We are both young, and a long life of happiness still lies before us, whenever we shall have earned it with many years of patient waiting. See, Bruno! we must both try to meet this time of trial cheerfully; let us bow our heads to adversity strong in our love, strong in our trust in God!"

Emmy spoke these words with fire; and they seemed to find an echo in Bruno's heart; and his strength of mind, borne down for a time by misfortune, was restored again.

"Yes, Emmy," he exclaimed, "I shall make myself worthy of your love. With that object before my eyes — to call you my own — no labour shall be too severe or too difficult for me. I will force from the world by my conduct that respect which they would otherwise withhold from the son of a criminal. I shall prepare with my love a home for you which shall make you

so happy that you will forget that it is a name stained with shame that I bring to you — that you will forget what you have sacrificed for my sake. I know not how long it will take to accomplish this, but the day will dawn of which I have now spoken."

"And then I will make good my word, Bruno. You shall then go back to America with your mother and myself, and together we will try to make her happy again and to make her forget by our love the sufferings of this time. But we must now part, Bruno. I cannot stay longer. Farewell!"

She put out both her hands to him, but Bruno took her in his arms and imprinted the first kiss of love on her lips.

"Must we already part, Emmy?" he said, sorrowfully. "May I not see you this evening when I come to take leave?"

"No, Bruno," Emmy answered. "I cannot take leave of you before all the family. Here I will say farewell — farewell till we meet again."

"And during all the years which perhaps may pass before we see each other again, shall I hear nothing of you, Emmy? May I not sometimes write to you, as I might have done to my old playfellow?"

Emmy thought for a few moments; then she said: "Why not, Bruno? It seems to me that no one could find anything unbecoming in it. Write to me after your arrival in New York, and then once every year; but your letters must contain nothing which may not be read by everyone. Whether I shall be able to answer them, I do not know; I will if I may and can, but you must not count upon it. Your letter will each year keep me informed as to how your plans are advancing, and between the written words I shall read the unwritten ones, that you love me and do not forget me."

"Forget you, Emmy!" said Bruno, looking at her reproachfully.

When Emmy tried to tear herself from him, that she might depart, he still held her back.

"Emmy," he asked, "give me something as a recollection of this moment, and which may serve as a proof that this is something more than a beautiful dream living in my memory."

Emmy took off one of the three rings which she wore and gave it to him. "This ring belonged to my mother, Bruno, and therefore it is of great value to me, and I can only give it to you to take care of in the expectation that I may exchange it with you for another. I give you this ring

in pledge, with a safe conscience that mamma, who was so fond of you, would approve of the use I make of it. And now, God bless you! Do not come downstairs with me. I will only give your mother a farewell kiss, and then go home. Farewell!"

One last embrace, and they parted without another word.

As Emmy had said to Bruno, her parting with Mrs. Eversberg was little more than a hearty embrace: then she hastened homewards, if possible in greater alarm than when she came out. When she reached home she was not a little surprised at the chance by which she found the house-door open, inasmuch as Mrs. Welters would have reckoned this so great a piece of misconduct that not only the whole family but all the servants would have most carefully avoided it; but, as has been said before, the door stood open, and nothing was easier for Emmy than to enter unobserved, and as no one was in the passage to go upstairs and reach her own room equally unobserved two hours after she had left it.

She had scarcely opened the door of her room, when Elizabeth sprang up from her chair and rushed towards her, hastily exclaiming, "Did you find the door open? did no one see you, Emmy?"

She looked at Elizabeth with some surprise as she answered these questions.

But Elizabeth clapped her hands, and in her delight gave a spring into the air such as a rope-dancer could hardly have excelled.

"Oh, I am so glad," she said; "now no one will know that you have been out. Fie, Emmy! how naughty of you to run off without saying a word to me. When I came up-stairs and did not find you, I saw directly by the open wardrobe that the bird had flown. And only think, Emmy, you had hardly been away half an hour when I heard Mina in her bedroom, and in order that she might not think it odd that all was so still here, I took up a book and began to read aloud. It quite answered; Mina would certainly not disturb us children in our reading, and she went downstairs without coming in. But stop; the most difficult part is coming. You know that you are still on the sick list for port wine, and at about two o'clock mamma called out to me on the stairs to come and fetch a glass of wine for you. Oh, Emmy, I hardly knew what to do; but when I went down for the wine, I set the door open as I passed."

Whether Elizabeth's narrative was end-
LIVING AGE. VOL. XXVII. 1257

ed, or whether her flood of words required her to take breath, I do not know, but the serious expression of Emmy's face might well have stopped her.

"Well, Emmy," she said, half crossly and half afraid, "you must tell me whether I have done wrong."

"I fear you have, dear Elizabeth," answered Emmy, kissing her; "or, properly speaking, I have done wrong in not telling you what was my intention, although I did so purposely to take away all responsibility from you. I am not the less grateful to you for your kindness and readiness to help me, but I can make no use of it. I told you yesterday that I must go to the Eversbergs, notwithstanding the express wish of mamma that I should not do so, and it would be an untruth to say I repented of it. On the contrary, Elizabeth, I would not for anything in the world have foregone my visit, and I would go again if a similar occasion should arise. But I must not flinch from the consequences. I must myself tell mamma of my disobedience before she hears of it from anyone else; but be at ease yourself, for I shall at once say that you knew nothing of it before, and when I was out you did not wish to betray me."

"But, Emmy," said Elizabeth, in a cross tone, "how foolish! no one saw you and no one can tell of you."

"It is not the less my duty to confess it, dear Elizabeth. I could not rest, and I could not look mamma in the face, if I did not tell her; she has, moreover, much to forgive me."

"Stuff, Emmy! It is quite time to confess when you are detected. Don't be foolish, and at least sleep over the matter one night. And now look at my dress, which came home while you were away." And holding up her dress in front, she made a deep curtsy to Emmy, with the words, "Miss Welters, I have the honour to present to you Miss de Graaf."

But neither the seriousness nor the banter of Elizabeth could make Emmy waver in what she considered her duty. Without taking off her cloak and hat, she went downstairs with a beating heart to look for Mrs. Welters.

She hoped to find her alone, and was disappointed when she found Mina with her work sitting in the drawing-room, and also William, who seemed to have just come in.

Emmy had seen but little of William since the evening of the ball. Like the other members of the family, he had come once upstairs, when she was beginning to

sit up; but he was very short, and spoke hardly at all to her.

Now, however, when she came so unexpectedly into the room, he went up to her with a friendly expression on his face, placed a chair for her by the table where Mina and Mrs. Welters were sitting, and said a few words, which Emmy not only did not answer, but in the confusion of preparing to confess her fault did not clearly understand.

"So, Emmy, *already* downstairs!" said Mrs. Welters, laying a sharp stress on the word "*already*," so that Emmy almost lost courage to say what she wanted.

But after a moment's hesitation, she remained firm to her purpose, and not sitting down, but leaning against the chair which William had placed for her, she said gently:

"Mamma, I am come down stairs to say something to you. I have not been able to fulfil your wish, and I have been to the foundry to take leave of Mrs. Eversberg and Bruno. I told you yesterday that I could not find rest or peace if at such a time I should show myself heartless towards these old friends, and I therefore went there, although it gave me pain to act against your wishes. I hope, mamma, you will forgive me, and put my obedience to some other test, and I am sure I shall not fall short in it."

Emmy now ventured for the first time to raise her eyes to Mrs. Welters, and was terrified at the wrathful expression on a face ordinarily so calm; but Mrs. Welters did not lose her calmness of manner. She rose from the sofa where she had been sitting when Emmy was silent, and seemed to require a few moments before she could control her anger, and then she said in an ice-cold tone, "May I ask at what time you thought fit to go from here, Emmy?"

"I went out at one o'clock, and I am just come back."

"Did Elizabeth know you were out when she came for some port wine for you?"

Emmy felt like a culprit before a court of justice; and now that Elizabeth was named, she was still more frightened lest she also should be drawn into the affair.

"Neither Elizabeth nor anyone else knew of my intention to go out," she answered evasively.

"But," Mrs. Welters added sharply, "I do not ask you for excuses, but for the truth. Did Elizabeth know you were out?"

"She must have concluded that I was out when she came upstairs and did not

find me there: but please, mamma, do not be hard upon Elizabeth for not betraying me; she thought — she wished —"

Here Emmy stammered in her confusion, fearing to implicate Elizabeth, and yet unable to say anything to excuse her in the eyes of her mother without falling short of the truth.

Mrs. Welters did not give her time to recover herself before she again asked:

"Who let you in without my knowing it?"

"No one, mamma; the door was open when I came back," said Emmy, nervously.

"Was the door open? That is strange. Did Elizabeth know anything of that also?"

Before Emmy could answer, she continued: "Enough of this, Emmy; I perceive that my daughter has been in very bad company of late, and has learnt to deceive her mother. As far as you are concerned, it is now not my wish, but my order, that you should not leave your room for three days. We shall see if you have the courage to defy me this time."

"I did not do it to defy you, mamma," said Emmy, rendered calmer by the stinging words respecting Elizabeth which she had not deserved; "and I will cheerfully bear any punishment you choose to inflict upon me; but I must repeat once more that Elizabeth is not to blame."

"May I request you to leave the room and to send Elizabeth to me? I know quite enough, and I desire to be spared all further talk on this subject."

Mrs. Welters pointed with her hand to the door, and Emmy dared not stay any longer. She glanced at Mina and William, who had neither of them taken any part in the conversation. She hoped for some defence of Elizabeth from them, and she wished to ask them for this by word or look before she left the room.

Mina's decidedly kill-joy look as she bent over her work made Emmy turn her eyes beseechingly towards William; but his face no longer bore any trace of the friendly expression which it had assumed on Emmy's entrance. She had never been so much struck with the likeness between him and his mother as at this moment — the same compressed lips, the same contracted eyebrows, and in his half-closed eyes the same green light which had so disagreeably impressed her at their first meeting. Discouraged and sorrowful Emmy left the room.

She had but just before told Elizabeth that she felt no remorse for what she had done, and would not for the world have

acted otherwise; yet as she walked restlessly up and down the room whilst Elizabeth had gone down stairs by her mother's order, she did feel something like a twinge of conscience.

The thought that Elizabeth, who had acted upon the impulse of her heart, without considering whether her conduct was blameless or not, would have to suffer for an offence for which she herself was properly responsible, disturbed her inexpressibly, and drove away for the moment all other thoughts; and, in fact, hardly a quarter of an hour passed before Elizabeth came up-stairs with flushed cheeks and red tearful eyes. On Emmy's exclamation, however, "Oh, Elizabeth, I am so very sorry that you have got into trouble on my account," she only shook her head, saying with a half smile, "Don't vex yourself, Emmy; I don't mind it at all. It does not annoy me in the least."

But this courageous declaration was belied by the tears which streamed down her cheeks when Emmy kissed her.

Hardly two minutes after, she said, with her old fun:

"There, Emmy, now we are like two naughty school-girls who have been punished till they repent of their wickedness. Mamma ought to have shut us up with bread and water, to make the play quite complete. And I wish she had done so, for what vexes me most of all is, that I am no longer to come and sit with you, for I am only sent here to fetch my work and my book, and I must not stay any longer."

"So I cannot help you to dress this evening, as we had settled?" asked Emmy.

Elizabeth shook her head, and tears again stood in her honest brown eyes.

"That is not necessary," she said, casting a sorrowful look at the blue dress, which was spread out over a chair; "do you know, Emmy, that I am not to go out this evening? But it makes not a bit of difference to me. Listen, and you need not begin to cry about it. I shall only think that at the expense of my party I have won for you the pleasure of taking leave of Mrs. Kversberg, and that I reckon is worth twice as much. I shall go to parties often enough in my life; and you must know, Emmy, that one comfort is, that I shall have a chance of being booked in the *Dilburg Chronicle* as a female Peter Spa, who never saw half her first ball or any of her first soirée."

The incorrigible Elizabeth! she now laughed through her tears; but the voice of her mother at the bottom of the stairs made her instantly leave the room, shutting the door behind her, and Emmy was left alone during the rest of the day. Not that being alone was disagreeable to her, with all she had to think over. Yet she felt like a prisoner as the day passed on without anyone coming to see her, when all she wanted was brought to her by a servant, and even her father and Otto, who on other days had always come to have a little chat with her, did not make their appearance. This convinced her more and more how wrong she had been in thwarting a will such as that of her stepmother, which was unbounded in its influence in the family.

At long as there was yet time, she kept hoping that some one would come to take Elizabeth's dress, and that her mother would not carry out in earnest the threat of making her remain at home; but this hope was not realized, and certainly Mrs. Wethers could hardly have devised a greater punishment for Emmy than to deprive Elizabeth of the pleasure which she had been looking forward to.

But Emmy slowly forgot everything else, as her thoughts turned to what had been said between herself and Bruno, and she put out of her head all the sufferings of to-day in thinking over the happy future in the far distance, by the side of which the less agreeable present seemed to her too trivial and unimportant to be worth grieving about.

She thought over what duties would rest with her in the years of waiting for Bruno. She resolved to perform those duties with holy earnestness, in order that she might thus deserve the happiness which she hoped from the future, and as her first duty she set herself the task of winning her stepmother's favour by strict obedience and submission.

Weary with all the various emotions which the day had called forth, she went early to bed. First she knelt down and offered a fervent prayer to God; a prayer for blessing and protection for him whom she loved, a prayer for strength and courage and steadfastness for herself also.

Calm and with the confidence of childhood, she laid her head on her pillow; and when she fell asleep it was with Bruno's name on her lips and his image in her heart.

From The Contemporary Review.
GEORGE ELIOT.

Scenes of Clerical Life.
Adam Bede.
The Mill on the Floss.
Silas Marner.
Romola.
Jubal.
Armgart.
Felix Holt.
The Spanish Gypsy.
Middlemarch.

WHEN we have passed in review the works of that great writer who calls herself George Eliot, and given for a time our use of sight to her portraiture of men and women, what form, as we move away, persists on the field of vision, and remains the chief centre of interest for the imagination? The form not of Tito, or Maggie or Dinah, or Silas, but of one who, if not the real George Eliot, is that "second self" who writes her books, and lives and speaks through them. Such a second self of an author is perhaps more substantial than any mere human personality encumbered with the accidents of flesh and blood and daily living. It stands at some distance from the primary self, and differs considerably from its fellow. It presents its person to us with fewer reserves; it is independent of local and temporary motives of speech or of silence; it knows no man after the flesh; it is more than an individual; it utters secrets, but secrets which all men of all ages are to catch; while behind it, lurks well pleased the veritable historical self secure from impertinent observation and criticism. With this second self of George Eliot it is, not with the actual historical person, that we have to do. And when, having closed her books, we gaze outward with the mind's eye, the spectacle we see is that most impressive spectacle of a great nature, which has suffered and has now attained, which was perplexed and has now grasped the clue—standing before us not without tokens on lip and brow of the strife and the suffering, but resolute, and henceforth possessed of something which makes self-mastery possible. The strife is not ended, the pain may still be resurgent; but we perceive on which side victory must lie.

This personal accent in the writings of George Eliot does not interfere with their dramatic truthfulness; it adds to the power with which they grasp the heart and conscience of the reader. We cannot say with confidence of any one of her creations that it is a projection of herself;

the lines of their movement are not deflected by hidden powers of attraction or repulsion peculiar to the mind of the author; most noteworthy is her impartiality towards the several creatures of her imagination; she condemns but does not hate; she is cold or indifferent to none; each lives his own life, good or bad; but the author is present in the midst of them, indicating, interpreting; and we discern in the moral laws, the operation of which presides over the action of each story, those abstractions from the common fund of truth which the author has found most needful to her own deepest life. We feel in reading these books that we are in the presence of a soul, and a soul which has had a history.

At the same time the novels of George Eliot are not didactic treatises. They are primarily works of art, and George Eliot herself is artist as much as she is teacher. Many good things in particular passages of her writings are detachable; admirable sayings can be cleared from their surroundings, and presented by themselves, knocked out clean as we knock out fossils from a piece of limestone. But if we separate the moral soul of any complete work of hers from its artistic medium, if we murder to dissect, we lose far more than we gain. When a work of art can be understood only by enjoying it, the art is of a high kind. The best criticism of Shakspeare is not that which comes out of profound cogitation but out of immense enjoyment; and the most valuable critic is the critic who communicates sympathy by an exquisite record of his own delights, not the critic who attempts to communicate thought. In a less degree the same is true of George Eliot. There is not a hard kernel of dogma at the centre of her art, and around it a sheath or envelope which we break and throw away; the moral significance coalesces with the narrative, and lives through the characters.

In George Eliot's poems the workmanship is not less sincere than that of her prose writings, and a token of sincerity is that inasmuch as she laboured under a disadvantage that disadvantage immediately shows itself. These honest failures are immensely more precious than any possible piece of splendid mendacity in art, which might have gained a temporary success. The poems are conspicuously inferior to the novels, and a striking indication that poetry is not George Eliot's element as artist is this, that in her poems the idea and the matter do not really interpenetrate; the idea stands above the

matter as a master above a slave, and subdues the matter to its will. The ideal motives of "The Spanish Gypsy," of "Jubal," of "Armstrong," can be stated in a concise form of words. For the mystery of life there is substituted the complexity of a problem of moral dynamics, a calculable composition of forces. And with this the details of the poems are necessarily in agreement. A large rhythm sustains the verse, similar in nature to the movement of a calmly musical period of prose; but at best the music of the lines is a measurable music; under the verse there lies no living heart of music, with curious pulsation, and rhythm, which is a miracle of the blood. The carefully-executed lyrics of Juan and Fedalma are written with an accurate knowledge of what song is, and how it differs from speech. The author was acquainted with the precise position of the vocal organs in singing; the pity she could not sing. The little modelled verses are masks taken from the dead faces of infantile lyrics that once lived and breathed.

Having been brought into the presence of the nature which has given us these books, the first thing which strikes us is its completeness. No part of our humanity seems to have been originally deficient or malformed. While we read what she has written the blood circulates through every part of our system. We are not held suspended in a dream with brain asleep. The eye of common observation is not blinded by an excess of mystical glory; the heart is made to throb with fervour; the conscience is aware of the awful issues of life and death; the life is made facile to laughter. The genius of this writer embraces us like the air on every side. If some powerful shock have numbed for a while any one of our nerves of sensation, she plays upon it with a stimulating restorative flow. And in this fact of the completeness of her nature we receive a guarantee of the importance of any solution which George Eliot may have wrought out for herself of the moral difficulties of life. No part of the problem is likely to have been ignored. From a partial nature we can expect only a partial solution, and the formation of a sect. To be a modern Pagan may be easy and eminently satisfactory to a creature who has nothing within him which makes the devotion of the Cross more than a spectacle of foolishness. To annihilate the external world, and stand an unit of volition in the presence of a majestic moral order, is sufficient to a

naked will, like Fichte, a central point of soul which knows not imagination or memory, or the sweet inspirations and confidences of the flesh and blood. Such a nature as George Eliot's may indeed arrive at a very partial solution of the problem of highest living, and may record its answer in the phraseology of a sect; but the result will have been reached by some process different from the easy one of narrowing the terms in which the problem has been stated.

In this nature, complete in all its parts, and with every part strong, the granite-like foundation of the whole is conscience, the moral perceptions and the moral will. Abstract the ethical interest from her chief prose work, "Romola," or from her chief poem, "The Spanish Gypsy," and there is total collapse of design, characters, incidents. Other story-tellers centre our hopes and fears in the happiness or unhappiness of their chief personages; a wedding or a funeral brings to an end at once our emotional disturbance and the third volume of the novel. George Eliot is profoundly moved by the spectacle of human joy and human sorrow; death to her is always tragic, but there is something more tragic than cessation of the breath, and of the pulse; there is the slow letting go of life, and the ultimate extinction of a soul; to her the marriage joys are dear, but there is something higher than the highest happiness of lovers. "What greater thing," she muses, while Adam and Dinah stand with clasped hands, and satisfied hearts, "what greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined for life, to strengthen each other in all labour, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent, unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting." She has shown us one thing greater,—the obedience of man and woman to a summons more authoritative than that of any personal emotion:—

We must walk
Apart unto the end. Our marriage rite
Is our resolve that we will each be true
To high allegiance, higher than our love.

When Tom and Maggie sink in the hurrying Floss there is left an aching sense of abrupt incompleteness, of imperious suspension, of intolerable arrest; and with this a sense of the utter helplessness of our extremest longings. The musician's hand has broken the movement in the midst, and it can never be taken up again.

This is cruel to all our tender desires for joy. But there is something more dreadful. When the heavens break up over the head of Silas Marner, when the lots declare him, the innocent man, guilty in the midst of the congregation of Lantern Yard; when he goes out with despair in his soul, with shaken trust in God and man, to live for weary years a life of unsocial and godless isolation, accumulating his hoard of yellow pieces, the tragedy is deeper. When the beautiful Greek awakes from his swoon beside the Arno to find no pleasant solitary lair, but the vindictive eyes of Baldassare looking down at him, and the eager knuckles at his throat, the real piteousness and terror is not that a young man is about to die, but that now the visible seal of finality is to be set upon that death of the soul which had already taken place. When the story concerns itself with the ruin or the restoration of moral character every other interest becomes subordinate. The nodes of the plot from which new developments spring are often invisible spiritual events. It is a crisis, and we feel it to be such, when there falls into Maggie's hands a copy of *De Imitatione Christi*; the incident is fraught, we are at once aware, with momentous consequences. " 'Father, I have not been good to you; but I will be, I will be,' said Esther, laying her head on his knee." Slight words, but words which determine an epoch, because as they were uttered, self-love was cast behind, and the little action of laying her head upon her father's knee was endowed with sacramental efficacy. The relations that human beings can form with one another which are most intimate, most full of fate, are with George Eliot not intellectual or merely social relations, but essentially moral. Eppie toddles in through the weaver's open door, and does much more than console him for his lost treasure; she is to him the sunshine and spring breeze thawing the arrested stream of his affections, delivering him from his state of unnatural isolation, and re-uniting him with his fellow-men. Edgar Tryan brings happiness to Janet, but it is by saving her soul. Felix Holt is much more than a lover; painfully divested of coats and neck-ties (not an example, in this particular it may be hoped to all proletarian Radicals), with his somewhat formulated nobility, and his *doctrinaire* delight in exposition of principles, he yet is a genuine moral nature, and approaching Esther Lyon as a conscience approaches a conscience, and with an almost rude insistency of moral force, he becomes the discoverer

to her of the heroisms which lay concealed in her own dainty feminine nature. To Romola her early love is as a morning cloud, growing momentarily fainter and more distant; the one profound attachment which she forms is to her spiritual father, the man "who had been for her an incarnation of the highest motives," who had forced her to submit to the painful supremacy of conscience.

The conscience of George Eliot asserts itself so strongly because there are in her nature other powers strong also; and urging great claims upon the will. Her senses are framed for rich and varied pleasure. The avenues between the senses and the imagination are traversed to and fro by swift and secret intelligences. There are blind motions in her blood, which respond to vague influences, the moral nature of which may be determined by a contingency; there are deep incalculable instincts, the heritage from past generations, which suddenly declare themselves with an energy that had not been surmised. There are zeals and ardours of the heart, eager demands and eager surrenders. There is the grasping, permitted or restrained, of a richly endowed nature after joy,—after joy from which to avert the eyes for ever is bitter as the sundering of flesh and soul. This nature, in which conscience must needs be stern, is a nature of passionate sensibility. The pure gleaming of gems, the perfect moulding of a woman's arm, the face of youth that is like a flower, and its aureole of bright hair, the strong voice of the singer that urges and controls, the exquisite movement and excitement of the dance, not one of these fails to find an answer in the large joy-embracing nature of George Eliot. We recall to mind Tito's presence in the dark library of Bardi, "like a wreath of spring dropped suddenly in Romola's young but wintry life;" and the fascination exercised over Adam by the sweet, rounded, blossom-like, dark-eyed Hetty; and Maggie borne along by the wave of arrogant baritone music too strong for her; and the wonder and worship of Rufus Lyon in presence of that miracle of grace, the Frenchwoman found by the roadside; and Fedalma circling to the booming and ringing tambourine, under the flushed clouds and in the midst of the spectators of the Plaza:—

Ardently modest, sensuously pure,
With young delight that wonders at itself,
And throbs as innocent as opening flowers,
Knowing not comment, soilless, beautiful.

All gathering influences culminate,
And urge Fedalma. Earth and heaven seem
one,
Life a glad trembling on the outer edge
Of unknown rapture.

This capacity for pure joy, this noble sensibility to beauty are attributes, not of the lower characters of George Eliot's creating, but of the worthiest. They are felt by her to be derived from the strength of our nature, not from its weakness. Adam Bede falls in love with a woman who has nothing to recommend her but exquisite curves of cheek and neck, the liquid depth of beseeching eyes, the sweet childish pout of the lips, and he cleaves to her with almost a humility of devotion. Does George Eliot think meanly of her hero for a proceeding so unbecoming a sensible man? By no means. She perceives that "beauty has an expression beyond and far above the one woman's soul that it clothes; as the words of genius have a wider meaning than the thought that prompted them: it is more than a woman's love that moves us in a woman's eyes—it seems to be a far-off mighty love that has come near to us, and made speech for itself there; the rounded neck, the dimpled arm, move us by something more than their prettiness—by their close kinship with all we have known of tenderness and peace. The noblest nature sees the most of this *impersonal* expression in beauty." Whence sometimes, as in the case of Adam, tragic consequences.

A man or woman endowed with great susceptibility to beauty, and prior to experience making large demands upon the world for joy, runs the risk of terrible calamity. Dissociated from the sympathetic emotions the immoderate love of beauty, as Baudelaire has well said, "leads men to monstrous and unheard of disorders." The appetite for joy consumes all that the earth can afford, and remains fierce and insatiate. It is impossible even to imagine such a calamity overtaking George Eliot, so numerous, and full of soundness and vigour are the sympathies which bind her to her fellows. There are certain artists who concentrate the light of an intense intelligence and passionate sympathy upon their two or three chief figures, which move in an oppressive glare of consciousness, while towards the rest they show themselves almost indifferent. George Eliot's sympathy spreads with a powerful and even flow in every direction. Hetty, with her little butterfly soul, pleasure-loving but not passionate, luxurious, vain, hard of heart, is viewed with

the sincerest and most intelligent sympathy. Tito is condemned, decreed to death, but he is understood far too truly to be an object of hatred. Tessa, the pretty pigeon, Hnda, who has little more soul than a squirrel, are lovable after their kind; and up from these through the hierarchy of human characters to Romola and Fedalma, to Zarca and Savonarola, there is not one grade too low, not one too high for love to reach. Poverty of nature and the stains of sin cannot alienate the passionate attachment of this heart to all that is human. "See, Lord," prays Dinah in the prison, "I bring her, as they of old brought the sick and helpless, and thou didst heal them; I bear her on my arms, and carry her before thee." The long unnatural uses of a defeated life, which distort the character and render it grotesque, cannot hide from these eyes its possibilities of beauty. Mr. Gilfil, the caustic old gentleman with bucolic tastes and sparing habits; many knots and ruggednesses appearing on him like the rough bosses of a tree that has been marred, is recognizable as the Maynard Gilfil "who had known all the deep secrets of devoted love, had struggled through its days and nights of anguish, and trembled under its unspeakable joys." And the saddest ordeal of love—to witness the diminishing purity and splendour of a star-like soul, the clouding-over of a heroic nature by a film of dishonour—this too is endurable by the faithfulness of the heart. The day of the great Dominican's death is to the last a day of sacred commemoration to Romola; all his errors, all his weaknesses are forgiven.

George Eliot's manifold sympathies create behind her principal figures an ample background in which they find play and find repose. An English landscape in the manner of Constable, rich with rough, soft colour, and infallible in local truth is first presented. Men, women, children, animals are seen, busy about their several concerns. The life of a whole neighbourhood grows up before us; and from this the principal figures never altogether detach themselves. Thus a perspective is produced; the chief personages are not thrust up against the eye; actions are seen passing into their effects; reverberations of voices are heard strangely altering and confused; and the emotions of the spectator are at once roused and tranquillized by the presence of a general life surrounding the lives of individuals. Hetty disappears, but the affairs of the Hull Farm still go on; Savonarola falls,

but Florence remains. No more exquisite background group can be found in the literature of fiction than the Poyser household, from the little sunny-haired Totty, and her brothers as like their father as two small elephants are like a great elephant, up to Martin Poyser the elder, sitting in his arm-chair with hale, shrunken limbs, and "the quiet outward glance of healthy old age," which "spies out pins on the floor, and watches the flickering of the flame or the sun gleams on the wall." The pathos of their shame and sorrow deepens in the presence of the unconsciousness of childhood, and the half-consciousness of self-contented age.

But the sympathies of George Eliot reach out from the slow movement of the village, from the inharmonious stir of the manufacturing town, from the Hall Farm, and from the bar of the Rainbow Inn to the large interests of collective humanity. The artistic enthusiasm of the Renaissance period, the scientific curiosity of the present century, the political life at Florence long since, the political movements of England forty years ago, and religious life in manifold forms — Catholic, Anglican, and Nonconforming, are none of them remote from her imaginative grasp. Here the heart allies itself with a vigorous intellect, the characteristics of which are its need of clearness, of precision; and its habitual turn for generalization. The "unlimited right of private haziness," so dear to many minds, is a right which George Eliot never claims on her own behalf. And in her mind facts, especially moral facts, are for ever grouping themselves into laws; the moral laws which her study of life discovers to her being definite and certain as the facts which they co-ordinate. The presence of a powerful intellect observing, defining, and giving precision explains in part the unflinching insistence of the ethical purport of these books. It bears down upon the conscience of the reader with painful weight and tenacity. The truths in presence of which we live, so long as the imagination of George Eliot controls our own, are not surmises, not the conjectures of prudence, not guesses of the soul peering into the darkness which lies around the known world of human destiny, nor are they attained by generous ventures of faith; they are tyrannous facts from which escape is impossible. Words which come peeling from "a glimmering limit far withdrawn," words "in a tongue no man can understand," do not greatly arouse the curiosity of George Eliot.

Other teachers would fain lighten the burden of the mystery by showing us that good comes out of evil. George Eliot prefers to urge with a force which we cannot resist, the plain and dreadful truth that evil comes out of evil — "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." No vista of a future life, no array of supernatural powers stationed in the heavens, and about to intervene in the affairs of men, lead her gaze away from the stern, undeniable facts of the actual world. "Our deeds are like children that are born to us; they live and act apart from our will. Nay, children may be strangled, but deeds never: they have an indestructible life both in and out of our consciousness." Other teachers transfigure and transmute human joys and sorrows, fears and hopes, loves and hatreds, with light from a spiritual world: the sufferings of the present time are made radiant with the coming of the glory which shall be revealed in us: in George Eliot's writings it is the common light of day that falls upon our actions and our sufferings; but each act, and each sorrow, is dignified and made important by the consciousness of that larger life of which they form a part — the life of our whole race, descending from the past, progressing into the future, surrounding us at this moment on every side.

As was to be expected from the translator of Feuerbach's "Essence of Christianity," religion is approached with an ardent tenderness. The psychology of the religious consciousness had been accepted by Feuerbach in its entirety; but theological metaphysics were abandoned. For supernaturalism, naturalism was substituted; the phenomena remained the same, but the substance was changed. A miracle not priestly but scientific was effected — the bread and wine which feed the soul, and which had been very God, became now very man, and nothing more than man; in the sacred acts and dogmas of religion man presents to himself his own flesh and his own blood, and feeds upon them. "God is an unutterable sigh, lying in the depths of the heart." The supernatural basis of religion is denied; a natural one assumes its place; and the phenomena remain unchanged. Such a doctrine adapts itself readily to the purpose of the novelist. Absolute fidelity in representing the facts of the religious consciousness is not only permitted, but enjoined; and every phase of religious faith and feeling from the rudest to the most noble and the purest, becomes precious to the lover of mankind. The Rev. Rufus Lyon in the

chapel of Malt-house Yard, Dinah Morris on the Green of Hayslope, the Frate in the Duomo of Florence, Mr. Tryan who preached the Gospel at Milby, and Dr. Kenn who preached the church at St. Oggs — one and all are dear to the affectionate student of religious emotion. Dolly Winthrop's feeling of religious truths "in her inside," and the naïve anthropomorphism of her Raveloe theology contain the essence of all religion, and differ from the sublimest devotion of saint or mystic not by kind but by degree: — "Well, Master Marner, it's niver too late to turn over a new leaf, and if you've niver had no church, there's no telling the good it'll do you. For I feel so set up and comfortable as niver was, when I've been and heard the prayers, and the singing to the praise and glory o' God as Mr Macey gives out — and Mr. Crackenthorp saying good words, and more partic'lar on Sacramen' Day; and if a bit o' trouble comes, I feel I can put up wi' it, for I've looked for help i' the right quarter, and gev myself up to Them as we must all give ourselves up to at the last; and if we'n done our part, it isn't to be believed as Them as are above us 'ull be worse nor we are, and come short o' Theirn." The triumph of George Eliot's art is that her portrayments of the religious nature, conspicuously that most noble one of the female Methodist preacher, are never mere artistic studies; there is no touch of unsympathetic intellectuality about them; no touch of coldness. And here, surely, there is more than a triumph of art. One cannot but believe that a large religious experience lies somewhere in the life of the writer herself, now, perhaps, receiving a different interpretation from that which it originally yielded; but not thrown away as worthless, nor turned from as ignoble.

George Eliot's humour allies itself with her intellect on one hand, and with her sympathies and moral perceptions on the other. The grotesque in human character is reclaimed from the province of the humorous by her affections, when that is possible, and is shown to be a pathetic form of beauty. The pale, brown-eyed weaver, gazing out from his cottage door with blurred vision, or poring with miserly devotion over his golden hoard, touches us, but does not make us smile. The comedy of incident, the farcical lies outside her province; once or twice, for reasons that appear hardly adequate, the comedy of incident was attempted, and the result was not successful. The humour of

George Eliot usually belongs to her entire conception of a character, and cannot be separated from it. Her humorous effects are secured by letting her mind drop sympathetically into a level of lower intelligence, or duller moral perception, and by the conscious presence at the same time of the higher self. The humorous impression exists only in the qualified organs of perception which remain at the higher, the normal point of view. What had been merely an undulation of matter, when it touches the prepared surface of the retina, breaks into light. By the fire of the "Rainbow Inn," the butcher and the farrier, the parish clerk and the deputy clerk puff their pipes with an air of severity, "staring at one another as if a bet were depending on the first man who winked," while the humbler beer-drinkers "keep their eyelids down, and rub their hands across their mouths as if the draughts of beer were a funeral duty, attended with embarrassing sadness." The slow talk about the red Durham is conducted with a sense of grave responsibility on both sides. It is *we* who are looking on unobserved who experience a rippling over of our moral nature with manifold laughter; it is to *our* lips the smile rises — a smile which is expressive not of any acute access of risibility, but of a voluminous enjoyment, a mass of mingled feeling, partly tender, partly pathetic, partly humorous. The dramatic appropriateness of the humorous utterances of George Eliot's characters renders them unrepresentable by way of extract. Each is like the expression of a face which cannot be detached from the face itself. The unresentful complacency with which Dolly Winthrop speaks of the frailties of masculine human creatures is part of the general absence of severity and of high views with respect to others which belongs to her character, and receives illustration from her like complacent forbearance with the natural infirmities of the pups. "They *will* worry and gnaw — worry and gnaw they will, if it was one's Sunday cap as hung anywhere so they could drag it. They know no difference, God help 'em; it's the pushing o' the teeth as sets them on, that's what it is." Contrast Dolly's indulgent allowances in men's favour, tempered by undeniable experiences of their scarcely excusable failings, with the keen and hostile perceptions of Denner, Mrs. Transome's waiting-woman, with mind as sharp as a needle, whose neat, clean-cut, small personality is jarred by the rude power, and coarse, incoherent manners of men. "It mayn't be good luck to be a woman," Den-

ner said, "but one begins with it from a baby: one gets used to it. And I shouldn't like to be a man—to cough so loud, and stand straddling about on a wet day, and be so wasteful with meat and drink. They're a coarse lot, I think." "Eh, to be sure," said Dolly, gently, (while instructing Silas in the mysteries of Eppie's wardrobe,) "I've seen men as are wonderful handy wi' children. The men are awkward and contrary mostly, God help 'em; but when the drink's out of 'em, they aren't unsensible, though they're bad for leeching and bandaging—so fiery and impatient."

Complete in all its parts, and strong in all, the nature of George Eliot is yet not one of those rare natures which without effort are harmonious. There is no impression made more decisively upon the reader of her books than this. No books bear upon their faces more unmistakably the pain of moral conflict, and the pain of moral victory, only less bitter than that of defeat. Great forces warring with one another; a sorrowful, a pathetic victory—that is what we discern. What is the significance of it all?

The need of joy is only another expression for the energy of individual life. To be greatly happy means to live strong and free; a large nature means an abundant capacity for delight. To develop one's own life freely, and to reinforce it with supplies drawn from this side and from that, is the first requirement of man. But what if this immense need of joy imperil the life and happiness of others? What if to satisfy my eager appetite for enjoyment I must take from the little store of my less fortunate neighbour? The child knows nothing of this scarcity in the world of the food of joy. His demands for pleasure are precisely proportioned to his desires. He discovers at first no occasion for self-sacrifice. And there are some child-like souls to whom the facts of life are for ever an offence, and the laws of life an unintelligible tyranny. The god of the world is a jealous god, the "Urizen" of William Blake, who would bind us with the curse and chain of duty. Delight and obedience, man and woman, body and soul, naturally one, are sundered by this evil god. But for Urizen, the god of prohibition, our songs of experience would be only songs of a larger and more joyous innocence:—

Abstinence sows sand all over
The ruddy limbs and flaming hair;
But desire gratified
Plants fruits of life and beauty there.

We start and look up at such a voice as

this, the clear voice of an immortal child singing in the midst of us conquered and captive men. For the law lays upon all but rare natures its heavy weight. Hence conflict in adult spirits, the individual life, with its need of self-development and of joy asserting vast claims which are opposed by the social affections, by the conscience, and the scientific intellect observing the facts of the world. In some souls the conflict speedily terminates, the forces are unequally arrayed against one another on this side and on that. The social affections and the conscience can make no stand against the egoistic desires, and are crushed in a brief murderous encounter. Or, on the other hand, the sense of personality is feeble, the desire of self-surrender great, and the unity is easily and happily attained of a pure, self-abandoning existence. With George Eliot, when her conflict of life began, the forces on each side were powerful, and there did not at first appear a decisive preponderance of one over the other. A prolonged struggle, with varying fortunes, was to be expected before any victory could be achieved.

The tragic aspect of life, as viewed by this great writer, is derived from the Titanic strife of egoistic desires with duties which the conscience confesses, and those emotions which transcend the interests of the individual. It seems to her no small or easy thing to cast away self. Rather the casting self away is an agony and a martyrdom. All the noblest characters she has conceived, certainly all those characters in presenting which a personal accent seems least doubtfully recognizable—the heroic feminine characters, or those that might have been heroic, characters of great sensibility, great imaginative power, great fervour of feeling—Maggie, Romola, Fedalma, Armgart—cling with passionate attachment to the joy which must needs be renounced. The dying to self is the dying of young creatures full of the strength and the gladness of living. The world is indeed cruel; to be happy is so sweet. If the joy were ignoble it could be abandoned with less anguish and remorse, but it is pure and high. Armgart, in the moment of her supreme musical triumph, feels no vulgar pleasure:—

At the last applause,
Seeming a roar of tropic winds that tossed
The handkerchiefs, and many coloured flowers,
Falling like shattered rainbows all around—
Think you, I felt myself a *prima donna*?
No, but a happy spiritual star,

Such as old Dante saw, wrought in a rose
Of light in Paradise, whose only self
Was consciousness of glory wide-diffused;
Music, life, power — I moving in the midst,
With a sublime necessity of good.

And the rapture of Fedalma in her dance
is not less purely a blossoming of joy.
Why should such flowers be torn and cast
away?

The problem of life is somewhat simplified by a distinction which is more than once referred to in the writings of George Eliot. "The old Catholics," said Felix Holt, "are right, with their higher rule and their lower. Some are called to subject themselves to a harder discipline, and renounce things voluntarily which are lawful for others. It is the old word 'necessity is laid upon me.'" While Fedalma is turning away for ever from the man she loves, Hinda washes the shells she has been gathering on the strand; then leaps and scampers back beside her queen. We do not ask Hinda to take upon her the vow of renunciation. There is an appropriateness in Tessa's growing fat with years, and indulging in the amiable practice of a mid-day or afternoon doze. Child-like glee, indolence, comfort, and content — let them retain these, because they can know neither joy nor sorrow of a higher strain. And to hearts that are sore with hidden wounds and unconquerable sense of loss, the pathetic spectacle of their gladness and their repose is assuaging.

But why must Armgart, why must Fedalma lose the brightness of their exquisite joy? Because they may attain to something nobler, something in truer keeping with the world in which they move. They, and such as they, must needs accept the higher rule, subjection to which is the peculiar heritage of largeness and of love. The world is sad, and each of them is a part of it; and being sad, the world needs sympathy more than it needs joy — joy which in its blindness is cruel. While Armgart is engulfed by the splendour of her own felicity, limping Walpurga moves unnoticed about her, the weary girl who knows joy only by negatives, and Leo the grey-haired musician, lives with sad composure above the graves of his dead hopes and dead delights. While Fedalma dances with free feet, Zarca and his band of chained gypsies are approaching,

With savage melancholy in their eyes,
That star-like gleam from out black clouds of
hair.

Romola would fain be delivered from the
burden of responsibility, from the cares

and obligations of a dusty life, where duties remain and the constraining motive of love is gone, and she drifts away over the dark waters; she awakes to find the sorrow of the world still hemming her in; she cannot release herself from the obedience of the higher rule.

The renunciant's vow is accepted by these great souls, but not without a sudden, cruel discovery of truth, or a long discipline of pain. Armgart, who had been "a happy, spiritual star," will now take humble work and do it well, teach music and singing in some small town, and so pass on Leo's gift of music "to others who can use it for delight." She will bury her dead joy; but it is piteous to do so; she is tender to it; the dead joy is flesh of her flesh; she cannot fling it away or insult it with the savage zeal of the vulgar ascetic: —

O, it is hard,
To take the little corpse and lay it low,
And say "None misses it but me."

Fedalma, choosing sublimer pain, is still the Fedalma of the Praça grown great through sympathy and sorrow and obedience; not burying a dead joy, but slaying one that lives —

Firm to slay her joy
That cut her heart with smiles beneath the knife,
Like a sweet babe foredoomed by prophecy.

And Romola, calmly happy and calmly sad in the sweet evening of her life, is the Romola whose heart blossomed with the perfect flower of love in presence of a dark beautiful face, and to the music of a murmuring voice in the untroubled days of her youth. From the Frate, who commanded her to draw forth the crucifix hidden in her bosom, she learns the lesson of the Cross which Maggie had learnt less clearly from the voice out of the far-off middle ages. "The higher life begins for us, my daughter when we renounce our own will to bow before a Divine law. That seems hard to you. It is the portal of wisdom, and freedom, and blessedness. And the symbol of it hangs before you. That wisdom is the religion of the Cross. And you stand aloof from it: you are a pagan; you have been taught to say, 'I am as the wise men who lived before the time when the Jew of Nazareth was crucified.' . . . What has your dead wisdom done for you, my daughter? It has left you without a heart for the neighbours among whom you dwell; without care for the great work by which Florence is to be regenerated and the world made holy: it

has left you without a share in the Divine life which quenches the sense of suffering Self in the ardours of an ever-growing love." Romola's leading of Lillo with gentle, yet firm, hand and sweet austerity into the presence of these great truths indicates how needful she had found them for the uses of life; how patiently and persistently she had acquired their lesson. "It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it, that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see it is good."

The same doctrine of the necessity of self-renunciation, of the obligation laid upon men to accept some other rule of conduct than the desire of pleasure is enforced in the way of warning with terrible emphasis. Tito Melema, Arthur Donnithorne, Godfrey Cass, Maggie Tulliver, are in turn assailed by one and the same temptation—to deny or put out of sight our duties to others, to gratify some demand for egoistic pleasure or happiness, or to avoid some wholesome necessary pain. Arthur, vain, affectionate, susceptible, owed no one a grudge, and would have liked to see everyone about him happy, and ready to acknowledge that they owed a great part of their happiness to the handsome young landlord. Tito was clever and beautiful, kind and gentle in his manners, without a thought of anything cruel or base. And Godfrey was full of easy good nature; and Maggie of a wealth of eager love. But in the linked necessity of evil, each of these beginning with a soft yielding to egoistic desires, becomes capable of deeds or of wishes that are base and cruel. "'It's a woman,' said Silas, speaking low and half-breathlessly, just as Godfrey came up. 'She's dead, I think—dead in the snow at the stone-pits, not far from my door.' Godfrey felt a great throb: there was one terror in his mind at that moment—it was, that the woman might *not* be dead. That was an evil terror—an ugly inmate to have found a nestling-place in Godfrey's kindly disposition." Maggie has heard the voice of the great mediæval bearer of the Cross; a higher rule than that of self-pleasing lives in her innermost conscience, and therefore she has strength at the last to renounce

the cruel pursuit of personal joy, and to accept a desert for her feet henceforth to walk in, and bitter waters to allay her thirst.

The scientific observation of man, and in particular the study of the mutual relations of the individual and society, come to reinforce the self-renouncing dictates of the heart. To understand any individual apart from the whole life of the race is impossible. We are the heirs intellectual and moral of the past; there is no such thing as naked manhood; the heart of each of us wears livery which it cannot throw off. Our very bodies differ from those of the primeval savages—differ, it maybe, from those of extinct apes only by the gradual gains of successive generations of ancestors. Our instincts, physical and mental, our habits of thought and feeling, the main tendency of our activity, these are assigned to us by the common life which has preceded and which surrounds our own. "There is no private life," writes George Eliot in "Felix Holt," "which has not been determined by a wider public life, from the time when the primeval milk-maid had to wander with the wanderings of her clan, because the cow she milked was one of a herd which had made the pastures bare."

If this be so, any attempt to render our individual life independent of the general life of the past and present, any attempt to erect a system of thought and conduct out of merely personal convictions and personal desires must be a piece of slight, idealistic fatuity. The worship of the Goddess of Reason and the constitution of the year one, are the illusions of revolutionary idealism, and may fitly be transferred from this Old World which has a history to the rising philosophers and politicians of Cloudeukoo-town. Not Reason alone, but Reason and Tradition in harmonious action guide our path to the discovery of truth:—

We had not walked

But for Tradition; we walk evermore
To higher paths, by brightening Reason's lamp.

Do we desire to be strong? We shall be so upon one condition—that we resolve to draw for strength upon the common fund of thought and feeling and instinct stored up, within us and without us, by the race. We enter upon our heritage as soon as we consent to throw in our lot with that of our fellow-men, those who have gone before us, who are now around us, who follow after us, continuing our lives and works. War waged against the

"powers by which we are encompassed leads to inevitable defeat; our safety, our honour, our greatness lie in an unconditional surrender.

Here we come upon one chief intention of "The Spanish Gypsy." Zarca is strong, and never falters; Father Isidor is no less strong. The Gypsy chieftain and the Catholic Prior has each accepted with undivided will the law of his life, imposed upon each by the tradition of his nation and his creed. Fedalma attains strength by becoming one with her father and her father's tribe; by bowing in entire submission to the might of hereditary influences. But the Spanish Duke would find in his personal needs and private passions the principles by which to guide his action: he would be a law to himself; he acknowledges no authority superior to his own desires; he resolves to break with his past, and to construct a new life for himself, which shall have no relation to his duties as a Spaniard, a Christian, and a man of ancient blood. Vain effort of an idealist to create from the resources of his inner consciousness a new time and new place other than the actual! Don Silva's nature is henceforth shattered into fragments: he cannot really break with his past; he cannot create a new world in which to live; his personality almost disappears; the gallant cavalier becomes the murderer of his friend and of the father of his love; a twofold traitor.*

It will be readily seen how this way of thinking abolishes rights, and substitutes duties in their place. Of rights of man, or rights of woman, we never hear speech from George Eliot. But we hear much of the duties of each. The claim asserted by the individual on behalf of this or that disappears, because the individual surrenders his independence to collective humanity, of which he is a part. And it is another consequence of this way of thinking that the leadings of duty are most often looked for, not within, in the promptings of the heart, but without, in the relations of external life, which connect us with our fellow-men. Our great English novelist does not preach as her favourite doctrine the indefeasible right of love to gratify itself at the expense of law; with the correlative right, equally indefeasible, to cast away the marriage bond as soon as it has become a painful incumbrance. She regards the formal contract, even when its

spirit has long since died, as sacred and of binding force. Why? Because it is a formal contract. "The light abandonment of ties, whether inherited or voluntary, because they had ceased to be pleasant, would be the uprooting of social and personal virtue." Law is sacred. Rebellion, it is true, may be sacred also. There are moments of life "when the soul must dare to act upon its own warrant, not only without external law to appeal to, but in the face of a law which is not unarmed with Divine lightnings—lightnings that may yet fall if the warrant has been false." These moments, however, are of rare occurrence, and arise only in extreme necessity. When Maggie and Stephen Guest are together and alone in the Mudport Inn, and Maggie has announced her determination to accompany him no farther, Stephen pleads:—"We have proved that it was impossible to keep our resolutions. We have proved that the feeling which draws us to each other is too strong to be overcome: that natural law surmounts every other; we can't help what it clashes with." "It is not so, Stephen. I'm quite sure that is wrong. I have tried to think it again and again; but I see, if we judged in that way, there would be a warrant for all treachery and cruelty. We should justify breaking the most sacred ties that can ever be formed on earth. If the past is not to bind us, where can duty lie? We should have no law but the inclination of the moment." Maggie returns to St. Oggs: Fedalma and Don Silva part: Romola goes back to her husband's house. We can imagine how unintelligible such moral situations, and such moral solutions, would appear to a great female novelist in France. The Saint Clotilda of Positivism had partly written a large work intended to refute the attacks upon marriage contained in the writings of George Sand, "to whom," adds her worshipping colleague, "she was intellectually no less than morally superior." Perhaps we may more composedly take on trust the excellence of Madame Clotilde de Vaux's refutation, inasmuch as the same object has been indirectly accomplished by the great female novelist of England, who for her own part has not been insensible to anything that was precious in the influence of Comte.

"If the past is not to bind us, where can duty lie?" As the life of the race lying behind our individual life points out the direction in which alone it can move with dignity and strength, so our own past month and years lying behind the present hour and minute deliver over to these a

* The absence of traditional attachments to the life of Florence leaves Tito without one of the chief guarantees of political honour, and so his facile ability turns easily to treacherous uses.

heritage and a tradition which it is their wisdom joyfully to accept when that is possible. There are moments, indeed, which are the beginning of a new life; when, under a greater influence than that of the irreversible Past, the current of our life takes an unexpected course; when a single act transforms the whole aspect of the world in which we move; when contact with a higher nature than our own suddenly discovers to us some heroic quality of our heart of the existence of which we had not been aware. Such is the virtue of confession of evil deeds or desires to a fellow-man, it restores us to an attitude of noble simplicity; we are rescued from the necessity of joining hands with our baser self. But these moments of new birth do not come by intention or choice. The ideal which we may set before ourselves, and count upon making our own by constancy and fidelity of heart, is that which Don Silva imagines for himself:—

A past that lives
On through an added Present, stretching still
In hope unchecked by shaming memories
To life's last breath.

If no natural piety binds our days together, let us die quickly rather than die piecemeal by the slow paralyzing touch of time. All that helps to hold our past and present together is therefore precious and sacred. It is well that our affections should twine tenderly about all material tokens and memorials of bygone days. Why should Tito keep his father's ring? Why indulge a foolish sentiment, a piece of mere superstition, about an inanimate object? And so Tito sells the ring, and with it closes the bargain by which he sells his soul. There is, indeed, a noble pressing forward to things that are before, and forgetting of things that are behind. George Eliot is not attracted to represent a character in which such an ardour is predominant, and the base forgetting of things behind alarms and shocks her. It is noted, as characteristic of Hetty's shallow nature, that in her dream of the future, the brilliant future of the Captain's wife, there mingles no thought of her second parents; no thought of the children she had helped to tend, of any youthful companion, any pet animal, any relic of her own childhood. "Hetty could have cast all her past life behind her, and never cared to be reminded of it again. I think she had no feeling at all towards the old house, and did not like the Jacob's ladder and the long row of hollyhocks in the garden better than any other flowers—perhaps not so well." Jubal, after his

ardent pursuit of song through the world; would return to Lamech's home, "hoping to find the former things." Silas Marner would see once more the town where he was born, and Lantern Yard, where the lots had declared him guilty. But Hetty is like a plant with hardly any roots; "lay it over your ornamental flower-pot and it blossoms none the worse."

This is the life we mortals live. And beyond life lies death. Now it is not hard to face it. We have already given ourselves up to the large life of our race. We have already died as individual men and women. And we see how the short space of joy, of suffering, and of activity allotted to each of us urges to helpful toil, and makes impossible for us the "glad idlesse" of the immortal denizen of earth. This is the thought of "Jubal." When the great artist returns to his early home, he is already virtually deceased—he has entered into subjective existence. Jubal the maker of the lyre is beaten with the flutes of Jubal's worshippers. This is tragic. His apotheosis and his martyrdom were one. George Eliot is not insensible to the anguish of the sufferer. But a strenuous and holy thought comes to make his death harmonious as his life. He has given his gift to men. He has enriched the world. He is incorporate in

A strong persistent life
Panting through generations as one breath,
And filling with its soul the blank of death.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

From Saint Pauls.

OFF THE SKELLIGS.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I'm young and strong, my Marion;
None dance like me on the green;
And gin ye for-ake me, Marion,
I'll e'en draw up with Jean."

I DID not now sit in the morning-room, for I could not find it in my heart to make Lou uncomfortable, and I observed that my proposal to Mrs. Henfrey that Valentine and I should read in the drawing-room with her was met with such ready willingness, that I could not but suppose she wished Captain Walker to have every opportunity for making himself agreeable.

After we had read, we took a walk or a drive; indeed, we were thrown together almost all day long, and I was so keenly aware of the folly I should commit if I indulged any dream with respect to Mr.

Brandon, that I tried earnestly to write and walk, to talk and practise, as much as I could, and starve him out of my thoughts by occupying myself with other things.

He had deliberately gone away in the very midst of his apparent interest about me. It was not to please Tom, that I had plainly seen; and there had been no talk of business.

"Well," said Valentine, one day when we set out for our walk, "I consider that Giles is in for a thousand pounds."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, don't you know that he gave Emily that sum when she was married, and promised it to the others?"

"No, I have not heard it."

"Well, he did; and he is to let me have the same sum to put me to college. That's what gives him so much power over me."

"I did not know he was rich."

"He isn't; but he has plenty. That, I am bound to say, is my pa's doing. Why, this house belongs to Giles."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; papa was his father's guardian. His father died suddenly, you know, before he was born."

"I have heard that."

"So papa and sister went and fetched poor mamma here, and she stayed till after Giles was born; she did nothing but cry, and made them so miserable. She used to sit, when she got a little better, under that laurustinus tree and nurse Giles and cry over him. Then she said she should be happier if she went to her own people in Scotland; so papa took her there, and she soon got better, and married Mr. Grant. Well then, most of what Mr. Brandon had left became the property of his child, and papa was his guardian, and managed it so well, that by the time Giles was of age his patrimony was nearly doubled. Did you ever hear the story of how papa came to marry mamma?"

"No. Tell it me."

"Why, of course papa and mamma used to correspond about Giles, and papa wished him to go to school, and there was a kind of coolness between them, because papa thought it so silly of mamma to marry again so soon. Well, after Mr. Grant had been dead a year, there was some business to be settled, and mamma had some papers to sign about Giles. But papa had the gout and could not go to Scotland, so mamma had to come to him, and she left Giles behind, for fear papa should want to get him and send him to school.

"She came here in a snow-storm, and papa was very cross and grumbling a good

deal about his gout. He was nearly sixty then, and had been a kind of widower thirty years. When he found that mamma had left Giles behind he was very angry. I can't tell the story so well as sister does; it's the only one she ever does tell well. She was with papa, and when he said, 'Are there no possible means, madam, by which I can get that boy into my hands?' mamma said, 'I cannot tell what means you may have in reserve, but those which you have tried at present are quite ineffectual.' Sister thought they were going to quarrel, so she got out of the room as fast as she could; but when she came in again (mamma was always considered a very fascinating person), she found papa in an excellent temper, and he told her he had been talking with Mrs. Grant, and she had promised to let him have her son. And so mamma did, you know, but she came with him and Liz and Lou and Emily also. I have always thought it showed a beautiful spirit of discernment in my dear mother, that no sooner was I born than she perceived my superior merit, and showed an open preference for me over all her other children. On the other hand, so blind is poor human nature that papa always had a kind of infatuation in favour of Giles.

"Papa sent Giles to Trinity, and wished him to study law, but he hates the law, and says if he marries he shall buy land and go and settle in New Zealand. It is a lucky thing for us that papa managed so well for him, for now Giles always persists that we have a claim on his property in consequence."

From day to day Valentine and I cultivated our intimacy. We went together to call on Miss Dorinda, we took rides together and went fern-hunting in the woods, we studied, we quarrelled and made it up again. We were at first glad to be together for want of other society, but by degrees we got used to each other, and liked to discuss in company the progress of Captain Walker's wooing, the various croquet parties we went to, and the neighbours who came to lunch and to call.

Once, and only once, Valentine gave himself a holiday from his Greek, and left me all the morning. About three o'clock he returned and burst into the room, exclaiming that he should not have been so late if he had not fallen in with a crowd of people running to farmer Coles', and declaring that one of his ricks was on fire.

"I ran after them, hoping to see the fun, and help to throw water, when Tim Coles, the farmer's own brother, lagged behind and began to lament and talk about his

feelings. 'Come, Tim,' said I, 'you block up the stile; let me get over.' 'Ah!' said he, 'my poor brother! Blood's thicker than water.' 'So I perceive,' said I, 'so much thicker that it won't run.' Put that into the novel; it's much better than anything you can invent yourself. Well, we soon had the fire out. I was too late for the train, but though I had to wait for the next I was glad; for Charlotte was there, and Prentice; they were waiting for old Tikey to come down from some missionary meeting he'd been to. We amused ourselves with *planting*. Charlotte said, 'If I were to plant you and what you frequently do, myself, and something indefinite, what would come up?'—but, dear me! you never can guess anything, and, besides, an old salt like you ought not to plant, you should fish. If I were to throw myself into the sea when you were fishing, what should you catch?"

"An odd fish?"

"No."

"A flat-fish?"

"No, you crab, but a great sole. A friend of St. George's used to say that he was all soul—so am I, except my body. Come, I'll give you another plant. If I were to plant the mother of hexameters painted gold-colour, and what I should like to give you, what would come up? Do you think it would be a bee orchis?"

"I consider you a very impertinent boy. Besides, they ought to sell."

"No, they belong to the botanical, not to the educated classes. *Scene for the novel*—And here the graceful youth, producing a costly ring, and, dropping on one knee, took her hand and pressed it to his finely-formed lips, as was his frequent habit."

"He did nothing of the kind," I exclaimed. "How dare you! you never did kiss it, and you never will. Do you think I am going to hang my hand over the end of the sofa that, as Sairey Gamp says, you 'may put your lips to it when so disposed'?"

"Why, you don't think I was in earnest, do you?" exclaimed Valentine, shaking with laughter. "Kiss your hand, indeed! I wouldn't do such a thing on any account, I can tell you! No, it was a scene." And he stuck a little ring on the top of one of his great fingers, and said, in a more colloquial tone, "Just see if this fits, will you?"

"Yes, it fits pretty well."

"It only cost seven-and-sixpence."

"And quite enough, too, for it is a rubbishy little thing."

"Well, keep it, then, for the present, lest I should lose it. And now I am going to tell you a thrilling tale, and appeal to all your better feelings."

"Do."

"You must know, then, that the day Giles went away, he got up very early indeed; I heard him, and got up too, and went into his room while he was shaving. I told him I had only five shillings in my pocket, and put it to him, 'as a man and a brother,' whether, considering the state of his own finances, he had the heart to let such a state of things continue. It was once his own case—how did he like it? I asked. The wretch answered, '*O Pheu-reux temps quand j'étais si malheureux!*' and went on lathering himself in a way that was very unfeeling, considering how late my whiskers are in coming. 'What do you want to buy?' said Giles. I told him a ring. 'Whew!' he answered, 'a ring! Why can't you seal your letters with a shilling? Well, come,' he said, 'if you'll have your father's crest well cut, I'll give you five pounds.' 'What!' I answered, 'do you think I am such a muff as to want a signet ring? No, I want one for a present.' Well, by that time I had got the five sovereigns. 'A present!' said Giles, with infinite scorn; 'for whom?' I told him it was for a lady, and instead of treating the matter as if it was the most natural thing in the world, he laughed in an insulting manner, and then turned grave, and desired me not to make myself ridiculous by any such foolery; he wanted to know the lady's name, and said if it was Fanny Wilson, I was most presumptuous; indeed, at my age, it would be very impertinent to do such a thing, and that papa would be very angry; he added, D. dear, that if I would only wait a couple of years, there really was no saying what might happen in that quarter. I said it was not Fanny Wilson. 'Has it any reference, then, to that foolish boy, Prentice?' he next asked. I could not altogether say that it had not. 'Because if it has, and you give a ring to Charlotte on purpose to vex him, I shall be much disappointed in you,' he said. I said I could not divulge the lady's name, but of course I could not help laughing, because he was so grave and so angry, and seemed so astonished at my folly. No lady, he said, would accept a ring from a mere boy. 'I'll bet you all the money that I don't spend on the ring,' I said, 'that this lady does.' 'If she does,' said Giles, 'I give you five sovereigns more.' Only think of that! I know if he had not been in such

a hurry that he would have made me tell him everything. As it is, D. dear, I can make myself happy in the hope of future pelf; the ring is for you."

"For me? how dare you!"

"Yes, for you. It has been my happy privilege already to-day to make a fellow-creature perfectly miserable. Prentice is now, I have little doubt, tearing his hair."

Upon this I took off the ring and laid it inside the fender, where I told him it would remain unless he picked it up. Following his brother's lead, I also said that if he had done it in earnest it would have been very foolish, but as it was in joke it was impertinent.

"It's all Prentice's fault," he burst out. "He gave Charlotte a ring, and I shall never be able to subdue him unless I can match him; his insolence is insufferable. You should have seen his jealous misery to-day when I said, carelessly, that I was going to buy a ring. I hate that fellow—at least so far as is consistent with Christian charity I do. The great joy and desire of his life is to do what nobody else can; but if other young fellows can be engaged at nineteen, why there is no glory in it, and no grandeur either. However, I shall pick up the ring, and trust to your better feelings not to deprive me of all this money."

We argued and bickered some time, and then were reconciled; what, indeed, was the use of quarrelling with a youth whose simplicity was so transparent, and whose temper was so imperturbable?

That night the ring was sent to me with a polite note begging my acceptance of it. I returned it the next morning before I left my room in a similar note, declining to receive it. This process was repeated every night and every morning till the next Sunday, when, as we were walking home from church, Valentine exclaimed, "I say, Prentice has been low all this week, and now he despairs. I heard him speak snappishly to Charlotte, upon which she replied, 'Well, how can I help it if they *do* correspond!' What an inconsiderate world this is! I would not, on any account make a fellow so miserable as you have made Prentice!"

"Correspond? what do you mean!"

"Oh, I remarked to Prentice, in the course of conversation, that we corresponded; so we do—we write daily. *That* is entirely your doing. I should never have thought of such a thing."

The note with the ring in it was sent to me as usual that night, and for the first time Liz was with me. Mrs. Brand

brought it in with the usual simper and the usual message: "Mr. Valentine's compliments, ma'am, and wishes you pleasant dreams." I told the story to Liz, and she was very much amused; but when I related the anecdote about the correspondence, she agreed with me that the joke must be put a stop to, and we thought the best thing for me to do, in order to effect this, would be to make over the ring to somebody else.

So I put it on her finger, and the next morning, after breakfast, I saw it catch Valentine's eye, and heard him ask her where she got it.

"Oh," she replied, carelessly, "it's a thing that Dorothea had no value for, so she gave it to me."

"Did she?" said Valentine, with joyful readiness; "then the game is won at last! and I'll write at once for that photographing camera; it only costs 8*l.* 10*s.*, and now I can have it."

Lou and Captain Walker, who were evidently in possession of the facts, looked on amused, and I asked what the ring had to do with the camera.

Valentine replied that people could not give way what did not belong to them, therefore it was evident, by my own act, that I acknowledged the ring to be mine; I had accepted it, and given it away; so he should at once appropriate the promised gift from St. George.

It was quite in vain for me to protest and declare; everybody was against me; even Mrs. Henfrey was roused to interest, and laughed, and demonstrated to me that nothing could be clearer than Valentine's case.

The camera was ordered that very morning, and we—that in Valentine and I—spent from that time forth several hours of each day in taking portraits with it. Hideous things some of them were; they had an evil grin on their faces, so we tried sitting with gravity, and then the portraits glared at beholders with desolate gloom. At last we grew tired of troubling ourselves as to the expression of our faces; sat carelessly, and some very good ones came out, which we spoilt by overburning in the sun, or spotted by soaking in a badly-mixed bath.

We set the camera out of doors on the lawn, and worked at this new trade, till at last, when we had wasted more than half the stock of chemicals, we arrived at tolerable skill, and took Captain Walker's unmeaning face, light eyes, and sandy whiskers, so well, that even Mrs. Henfrey declared it to be a speaking likeness, and

arrayed herself in velvet, and came out on the lawn to sit.

Mr. Mortimer encouraged this rage for photography on the ground that it was good for Valentine's lungs to be out so much in the air.

We took all the friends of the family, and all the cottagers. We took the home party in every variety of costume and attitude; we took Captain Walker leaning on Lou's chair; he evidently wished to look sentimental; she told him to give himself a military expression. In his desire to combine the two, he looked both foolish and fierce, but Lou was pleased. We then took him again in his full dress, with one hand pointing at nothing in the distance. His hand came out as big as his head, but what of that? nothing is perfect.

St. George being away, we adopted the smoking-room and used it as a portrait gallery, and stuck the pictures all over his walls with pins; there they hung to dry, while we, having stained our fingers of a lively brown with collodion, and having arrived at tolerable skill, sighed for new worlds to conquer, and took the portrait of every child and monitor in Giles's own particular village school, where he had a select company of little girls bringing up on purpose to be sent to Canada.

We then took portraits in character. Valentine bought a pair of moustaches, and came out as a brigand. I was dressed up as a fish girl, having a basket of mackerel on my head, which we got from the cook. Those mackerel stood a long time in the sun, and when they appeared at table the family declined to partake of them, but the photograph was the very best we ever did.

As time went on, I was the more glad of this occupation, for we heard nothing of Tom and Mr. Brandon, and as no one but Valentine and myself seemed to think this at all singular, I sometimes thought the family must know something of their movements; though, when I made any remark on Tom's long absence, Mr. Mortimer or Mrs. Hensfrey would reply to the effect that it was dull in the country.

One day, when the weather was particularly fine, and we, after working hard at our Greek, had taken some very successful photographs, Valentine got Liz to lend him the ring, and asked me just to put it on while my portrait was being taken as a bridesmaid. I declined, for I had a suspicion that some further torture to Prentice would ensue, but as he made a great point of it, and I did not like to yield, I at

last went in and ensconced myself in the smoking-room. As I stood by the table he shortly entered, bearing the ring on a large silver waiter, and following me about the room, laughing and begging me to put it on. He walked after me round and round the table. I then retreated before him till the walk became a run, and I at last darted out of the room and ran upstairs, he striding after, vowing that I should wear it. In that style, both out of breath with laughing, we ran up one staircase and down another, up the gallery and along the wing, the ring rattling and dancing on the waiter, and Valentine with cracked voice vociferating and quoting; till, stopped at last by the window seat, I turned to bay quite breathless, and he dropped on one knee and held up his waiter with the ring on it, still laughing, but unable to articulate a word.

At this precise point of time a door close at hand flew open, and somebody coming out, nearly tumbled over Valentine's legs.

Mr. Mortimer.

Nothing could exceed the intense surprise of his countenance when he saw Valentine's attitude and the ring. In spite of our laughter, it was evident that this little tableau had greatly struck him, and after a pause of a few seconds, he turned again very quietly into his dressing-room and shut the door behind him without saying a word.

Now if he had laughed or spoken, I should not have thought so much of it, but that withdrawal and that great surprise were very mortifying, because it seemed to show that he did not treat the matter as the silly joke of a boy.

Valentine saw this as well as I did, and when he rose from his knees he looked very foolish. I was not in the best humour possible, and as we walked downstairs together in a very crest-fallen state, Mr. Mortimer's surprise being far more disconcerting than Valentine's joke, I said I thought he had better go and explain the whole thing to his father, make light of it, and expressly say that the ring was only offered as an ornament to be worn in a portrait.

For once he was out of countenance, and made excuses. His father, he was sure, would ask what he meant by it, perhaps would inquire if he meant any thing serious.

"He will say nothing of the kind," I answered with some asperity; "ridiculous! Even if he did, you would only have to speak out and say 'no,' like a boy and a Briton."

"I shan't say anything of the sort," he answered, sulkily. "I like you better than any other girl in the world. Charlotte's nothing to you, nor Jane Wilson either."

I was very angry with him for talking such nonsense, but I argued the point with him, and proved by force of reasoning that he and I were friends and could be nothing else. He began to yield. I might be right. I summed up the facts, and his mind inclined to agree with me. Then why had he been so foolish? He said he didn't exactly know. I supposed it must have been out of perversity. He thought it must have been, and, recovering his spirits, began to whistle.

So having by this time returned to the lawn, I sat down on a heap of mown grass, and began to harangue him on the necessity of his going to explain matters to his father, when I suddenly forgot the subject, in consequence of a circumstance which took place, and did not think of it again for at least an hour.

He was sitting at my feet, playing with the mown grass, and blushing, when hearing footsteps close to us he looked up and exclaimed, "Why, here's Giles, I declare!" and Mr. Brandon, stepping up, shook hands with me and looked at me with some attention.

No wonder, for I was arrayed in white tulle, I had a crown of flowers on my head, and my upper skirt was filled with bunches of lilac, laburnum, and peonies. Captain Walker had taken great pains to persuade Lou to be taken dressed as a bride, while Liz and I strewed flowers before her in the character of bridesmaids. At the last moment, when all seemed propitious, Lou had failed the poor man, but Liz and I determined not to have the trouble of dressing for nothing, intended to be taken without her.

"Oh, Mr. Brandon," I exclaimed, "you are come home! Where is Tom? is he up in his room?"

"No," he answered, cheerfully, and as if he wished me to think his announcement a commonplace one, but could not quite manage it. "I left him behind, with the Captain. He sent his love to you. We only spent four days in town, and I have been cruising about with them ever since. They put me ashore yesterday at Gosport."

"He is not ill?"

"No—no, certainly not; I never saw him looking better, nor the Captain either."

I had already stayed at Mr. Mortimer's

house nearly the whole of the month for which we had been invited. Tom, I could not but think, was treating him very cavalierly by this strange withdrawal, and here was I left alone with no directions how to act, and a positive certainty now, that there was something in the background which I did not understand.

I said I hoped he had brought me some letters. He answered, with the same open air of cheerfulness, No, he had not, but that Tom had promised to write very soon.

"Hang him!" said Valentine, with sudden vehemence. "Promised to write to his own sister! But," he added, in a sympathizing voice, cracked though it was, "never mind, D. dear; you must stop, you know, till he comes to fetch you, and won't that be a trial to this child! Never mind! he'll try and bear it."

There was something very affectionate in his manner, and as Mr. Brandon did not say a single word, but merely stood by looking on, he continued his remarks, interspersing them with many quotations and jokes, to which I could not respond and Mr. Brandon did not.

My sensations of shame at the way in which I had been left on the hands of this family, the fear lest I should intrude, and the consciousness that they were perfectly aware that Tom cared nothing either for their feelings in the matter or for mine, so much overpowered me that I sat down in the glorious sunshine on my heap of grass, mechanically holding my lap full of flowers, and wondering what I was to do if neither Tom nor my uncle did write before the end of the week.

Still Mr. Brandon stood like a statue beside me, and still Valentine talked; but I only heard his words as if they had been a slight noise a long way off that had nothing to do with me. I was thinking on the uncertainties of wind and tide. My uncle had put to sea, and who could tell when he might be in port again?

A momentary silence recalled me to myself. Valentine, having finished all he had to say, paused, and then exclaimed, with sudden vehemence—

"Now, D. dear, I shall never believe you again when you say that you can't help moving. If you would only sit in this way you would make a lovely negative, I'm positive. As for Giles, he is as still as a stone. How I wish I could take him with his nose relieved so beautifully against that laurel tree!"

I answered that as Liz did not come, I would go in and dress for dinner.

I did go in, and found Mrs. Brand in my room waiting for me, and pushing a letter into her pocket.

"Is that from Brand?" I asked.

She said it was, and, declaring that I was very late, began to excite a most unnecessary bustle, pulling out gowns and sashes, and strewing my possessions about the room.

"Don't be so nervous," I said. "I will not ask you any questions."

Instead of answering, she reminded me that visitors were expected to dinner, and pretended to be very anxious about the plaiting of my hair. Her agitation made her longer than usual about my toilet, but that was a comfort, for I wanted a little time, not to gain information, for that at present I shrank from, but to gather courage, and become able to attend to what was about me.

I had a suspicion floating in my mind. I had cherished it for some time. The foundation for it was very slight, and I was anxious not to betray it on any account, but to appear cheerful and easy about Tom till the last moment before I was compelled to have the suspicion verified.

I had so completely subsided into the family during the last fortnight, and become so accustomed to pay Mr. Mortimer the little attentions of a daughter, instead of receiving from him the attentions of a host, that when I advanced into the long drawing-room a certain change of manner in him arrested my attention instantly.

He spoke to me, set a chair for me near his own, and, making some kind remark about Tom, said, as if on purpose to set me at my ease, that as my brother could not come back, he hoped that I should make up for it by prolonging my own stay as long as I could make it convenient or find it agreeable. To this formal invitation I returned a grateful answer; but I derived a kind of notion, from the manner of it, that it was at Mr. Brandon's suggestion. I thought he perceived the likelihood of my receiving no directions, and wished to spare me the pain of feeling that I was encroaching by letting me first have an invitation to stay.

Mr. Mortimer received my answer politely, but the kind of familiar, almost loving, manner which he had assumed towards me of late was altered. He had become courteous again, and treated me as he did his other guests who now began to arrive.

The fine woman was present, and her daughter Jane. This young lady had a

very large fortune, and I had often heard her talked of. I looked at her with some interest. She had been called a heavy-footed girl, and she certainly was no sylph, but I thought her rather a fine young creature, and observed that her mother kept a watchful eye upon her, noting who talked to her, and who came to her side. Especially she was watchful of Mr. Brandon, and when he talked to Jane, which he did rather often, I thought that the daughter was much pleased, but that the mother was not pleased.

Neither need have cared; there was no interest in his manner that could give reasonable hope to the one or fear to the other.

Captain Walker took me down to dinner, and Lou sat as far from him as the length of the table would permit.

Captain Walker was eminently stupid that day, and I was eminently silent. I had heard before all his anecdotes about his twin brother; they never varied in the least, but they were told with confidential earnestness, and were supposed to demand all the intellect of the listener to enter into them, and laugh in the right place. Not being in the least funny, we had sometimes laughed in the wrong place, but this we soon found disconcerted him, and we took care now always to laugh when he said, "Wasn't that droll?" or "Wasn't that witty?"

Mr. Brandon sat on my other side, and Jane Wilson talked to him. She was animated and full of interest; full of curiosity too, and wanted to hear about a cruise that she heard he had been taking with a friend of his in a yacht, a friend whom she wished she had seen more of, for he seemed to be a very singular young man.

Giles escaped rather pointedly from this subject more than once; the third time she mentioned it he turned to me, and addressed me for the first and only time during dinner, saying something intended to show her that I was the sister of his yachting friend.

During the rest of the evening I felt impelled to watch him, and wonder whether he had anything in his mind which he would communicate to me. He seemed aware of this, and never approached me. If he had anything to say, that was certainly not the time. Once I chanced to be standing in the same group with him, but he remained mute till it dispersed, and only Valentine was left, when he said to him — "Ouibit, I shall expect you to read with me before breakfast to-morrow."

"All right," said Valentine. "Well, D.

dear, how did you get on at dinner time with your brilliant companion?"

"You will be overheard, Val," said St. George.

And Valentine continued in a lower key — "Silly of Lou to persist in sitting apart from him. Now, if you and I had been together, we should have been as happy as possible. I say, I hate this black gown; why don't you wear white? Isn't this thing hideous, Giles?"

Mr. Brandon, being thus directly appealed to, just glanced at the offending array, but made no answer, and presently Jane Wilson came up.

"Mr. Brandon, you are wanted to sing a duet."

"With whom?"

"With me."

As Jane Wilson led him off I thought she had a pretty piquant manner, but I observed that her mother had moved to the piano before them, and was looking over the music.

Three duets were produced one after the other.

"Oh," said Mrs. Wilson, "my dear child, have you the temerity to wish to sing this with Mr. Brandon? It will make your defects too evident."

Jane put up the second — "Oh, you have had no lessons on this one, love."

The third was proposed.

"This will do very well," said Mr. Brandon, carelessly.

"German," said Mrs. Wilson, "is so very unbecoming to the voice, and your voice does so completely kill Jane's, that really —"

"Why should she not sing a solo then?" said Mr. Brandon. "This one looks pretty." He placed one on the piano and walked away from the mortified girl and gratified mother, quite unconscious as it seemed of the feelings of either, and utterly indifferent as to whether he sang or not.

"Isn't that droll?" said Valentine softly to me. "Every one but Giles can see the preference in that quarter."

"He does not see it then?"

"Evidently not, and I am sure he would not like it if it was pointed out."

"Why?"

"Oh, because I have often heard him laugh at fellows who leave the wooing to the ladies, and say nothing was worth having that did not cost a man some trouble to get, and he should not thank any woman for doing his work for him."

"He is quite right; but if he does not see when it is done for him, why then he is a short-sighted mortal."

"D., my dear, I do not think there is much fear lest you should follow in J. W.'s steps. You will take a great deal of earning, I expect."

"People generally call that winning."

"No, what they get by good luck or chance they say is won, but what they work for they say is earned. Now if I could earn you —"

"Don't talk nonsense; you never would, even if you tried, which you never will."

"What do you know of my future? Do you pretend to be a prophetess? Now my impression is that I *shall* try, and, if so, that I shall probably succeed."

"I consider it very impertinent in a boy like you to talk in this way."

"But it won't be impertinent when I'm a man! I am considering what will probably happen when I am a man. Valentine Mortimer, Esq., of Trin. Coll., Cambridge. I think I see him now; he comes riding to the strand on his fine black mare, his whiskers, I perceive, are brown; he draws the rein, the yacht rocks in the offing, a lady waves a handkerchief —"

"Well, go on — He comes on board in the market boat with the vegetables, singing 'Rule Britannia,' but by the time he has stepped on deck he is very ill, and says, 'Oh, please let me go back to my papa, and I'll never do this any more.'"

"So he is put ashore, and the lady becomes a *smilax simulata*."

"Does that follow?"

"On philosophic and general grounds, I should say so decidedly. Is it likely indeed in a country where there are more women than men, that each woman should have more than one good offer?"

"Did I hear you say good?"

"You did. Look at my height; is that nothing? Look (prophetically) at my whiskers; will they be nothing?"

"I should expect to find that remarkably eligible ladies would have several good offers if the one you seem to promise me is a specimen of a good one."

"Remarkably eligible! Do my ears deceive me? or can it be that you allude to yourself?"

"Of course; you would hardly be ambitious of securing anything not remarkably eligible; besides, with those brown whiskers that are coming, to what might you not aspire, especially if you are not plucked in your 'little go'? And to tell you the truth I sometimes think you won't be, now that I have taken such pains with your Greek."

"You had better mind what you are about," exclaimed Valentine, shaking with

laughter. "This sort of thing may be carried a little too far," and as he spoke a little piece of cotton wool flew out of his ear, and, performing a short arc, dropped on to the floor. He picked it up hastily and restored it, but his brother who was passing before us paused as if struck by the sight, and turning towards him, murmured in a melancholy tone, — "And certain stars shot madly from their spheres, to hear the sea-maid's music."

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

THE LESSON OF THE SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.

No great social conflict can come to pass without many premonitory signs. The air is full of them long beforehand. The importance of the imminent contest between Infallibility and its opponents, or at least the general belief in its imminence, is testified by ominous appearances, small and great. Mr. Arthur Kinnaird's self-imposed mission to Berlin, in order to strengthen the nerve of Prince Bismarck's arms against the Jesuits, may pass for one. Another is the lively controversy which the "tercentenary" of the Saint Bartholomew has provoked. "Excidat illa dies ævo" — May that day drop from the calendar — was the prayer of De Thou. Never did request seem less likely to be accorded by the Fates. The horrors of the night are unforgotten. The punishment of its sins has been very severe. Yet it cannot be said to be as yet complete. France for that act "has penance done, and penance more will do." Nor until that penance has been thoroughly performed, and, which is more, its justice recognized, will the Nemesis cease to plague. In the mean time our contemporaries have been busily arguing the old question of the complicity of the Church of Rome in that great disaster, and the feelings with which modern Catholics must presumably regard it. We are not disposed to follow them in that inquiry. No one can judge with real accuracy of the sentiments which habit and education have implanted in another man educated under different impressions. Enough for our purpose to say that we cannot see how any Catholic, with the Syllabus before him, can logically maintain that the Saint Bartholomew massacre was wrong in principle, whatever opinion he may form as to the particular features of its execution. But then men's sentiments are not really subordinate to their logic.

And whatever the judgment which true disciples of the Pope ought to form on the subject, it is at all events not without interest to Protestants to observe the singular variety of the judgments which they actually do form respecting it, and which the present controversy brings to light. No two of these champions of the Pope seem to express themselves alike.

Mr. Archer Shee — a Catholic gentleman of the old-fashioned type — writes to the *Times* honestly to say that the massacre was an "atrocious crime." He lays it as far as he can to the door of the French Government of the time, that is, of the "French Crown;" and he is very indignant with those who hold the Pope to have been "an accomplice before and after the fact." But he is forced to admit that the Pope of that day did "applaud its perpetrators as repressors of heresy." That approval, as we all know, was signified by thanksgiving and ceremonies, by a medal inscribed "Ugonottorum strages" (M. Veuillot himself has seen this), and has never been in the slightest degree retracted. We are of course aware that the Pope did not pronounce his approval *ex cathedra*, whereby those Catholics whose notion of infallibility is as of something limited and constitutional are able to find a loophole of escape. So we must leave Mr. Shee to explain away the "solidarity" of the present Pope with Gregory the Thirteenth as well as he can.

Sir George Bowyer is a zealous convert, and his language of condemnation is of course less vivid. Still, he is disposed to admit that the massacre was "both a crime and a mistake." And he actually "could name many, both of the clergy and the laity, who hold the same opinion." As regards the crime, even the Syllabus can hardly make it otherwise. But mistake it was none. It was a most deliberate act, and it was a far-sighted one. It was, in a worldly sense, a success — a great and permanent success. Never, since the St. Bartholomew, has Protestantism had such power in France as it possessed before that event.

Again, Dean Stanley tells us that the massacre has recently been "actually defended in the organ of the chief champion of the Holy See, M. Veuillot." We have no doubt that the Dean speaks from book; but we have not ourselves met with this defence. What we have met with is much more original, and much more amusing — M. Veuillot's letter in the *Tablet* of last week. M. Veuillot quite admits the atrocity of the proceeding. But then the

Church had nothing to do with it. It was the act, he announces in his swaggering way, neither of Church nor King, but of the "politicians." They were Conservatives—Conservatives of the truculent type. Their adversaries answered to the Communists, the Internationals of our day. When one side was uppermost, its partisans simply slaughtered those of the other. "Quelques scélérats firent périr quelques scélérats." The poor innocent Pope had nothing to say to the matter, except that he was induced by Conservative misrepresentation to believe that nothing had been perpetrated beyond what was usual in civil war; whereas the conspirators, he acknowledges—though after all they only massacred 25,000 people—did a little overstep the proper limits even of State expediency. It is quite unnecessary to do more than notice in passing the audacity of this version of the known facts of history. We say known facts, for, after all, few notorious events have had fuller light thrown upon them. That the massacre was premeditated and was treacherous admits, in truth, of no rational doubt. The only question still open seems to be to what extent premeditated—whether planned long beforehand, or concerted suddenly under the temptation of opportunity. The rest seems plain enough to ordinary eyes. The contrivers were "politicians" of the Catholic party: the executioners were fanatics of that party. The deed was everywhere applauded by similar fanatics; and it was sanctioned by Papal approval. No tolerably honest account suppresses a tittle of all this. No partisan narrative can add much more.

To the English reader perhaps the most readily accessible summary of those events which possesses any value is that contained in two or three articles of a good many years' standing in the *Edinburgh Review*. The famous librarian, Mr. Allen, of Holland House, was the author of one or more of them. Of course, all the Catholic reading world will remonstrate against their acceptance as of any authority. We can only say, let the impartial searcher after truth judge for himself, and consult originals where he doubts. We extract one passage which seems to us to sum up the most substantial part of the case:—

M. Capefigue (a Catholic writer whom the reviewer is criticizing) admits that expedients to get rid of the Calvinists in France were discussed at Bayonne; that the Duke of Alva was averse to any terms of accommodation with them; that means of destroying them root and branch were under consideration; and that

from Alva's despatches it is clear the plan of a general massacre was entertained, and not rejected by the heads of the Catholic party. But though it was proposed, and perhaps agreed to, at this conference to get rid by any means whatever of the Huguenots, he cannot believe that the massacre of St. Bartholomew, afterwards executed at Paris, was planned at that interview. We agree with him entirely in that opinion. All we contend for is, that the design to extirpate heresy from France, adopted at Bayonne, was never abandoned. . . . We are ready to admit that the Catholics were inflamed with the most furious bigotry and most rancorous hatred against the Huguenots, and that they extended the massacre beyond the intention of its contrivers. But a review of the history of the times convinces us that a plot for entrapping the leaders of the Protestants and involving them in one common destruction had been long entertained by the Queen Mother and her son.

Though not bearing directly on the matter which we have in hand, we cannot refrain from extracting a passage from another of these articles, which contains a moral well to be remembered by those who for any political purpose call in the aid of fanatics and their leaders—the duped and the dupers.

The very impulse these popular triumphs had given to the Catholic cause was the inevitable source of unpopularity to those who had gained them, unless they could advance indefinitely (which as rulers they could not) in the career they had opened. Popular fanaticism is altogether infinite in its exigencies, because it is altogether undefined in its expectations. No act of indulgence can satisfy, but can only stimulate the vague craving. No good was attained to the French people by the Saint Bartholomew, but that did not suggest the lesson that no good was attainable by such means, but only that the heroes of the Saint Bartholomew had turned traitors, and that they must seek other leaders. The Duke of Anjou (afterwards King) had massacred the enemies of the Church, side by side with the Guises. But the King of France could not carry on a progressive extirpation of his subjects, especially while those who continued to clamour for blood refused to vote money. The Guises therefore got upon his back and strangled his popularity, because they continued to promise what the Government could not continue to perform.

From The Saturday Review.
RELICS.

THE Protestant traveller is sometimes oddly affected when he sees the collection of relics in some foreign church. The frag-

ments of ancient bodies, neatly arranged and labelled in glass cases, produce a mixed sentiment of disgust, contempt, and half-conscious sympathy. The superstition which attributes supernatural powers to the jaw of a departed saint is from his view both preposterous and degrading. Whether in a Catholic or a Buddhist place of worship, it indicates a barbarous confusion of thought, worthy only of a debased intellectual condition. It is a fragment of primitive materialism incongruously incorporated with a loftier form of belief. But putting aside the fictions in which the sentiment is embodied, there is perhaps something which appeals to him in the sentiment itself. We are all given to relic-hunting after a fashion. The most unimaginative philosopher can rarely be quite indifferent to the body which was once the physical envelope of a friend. Bentham, indeed, preached by example that after a man is dead his body ought to be regarded from a purely physiological point of view. It was to be considered as a mass of bones, nerves, and muscles very much at the service of any surgeon who might care to pull the machine to pieces. Few people, however, would be able to carry out this doctrine to its full logical conclusions. We know that the interest which we feel in any merely material object which we have been in the habit of connecting with a personality dear to us depends upon an association in our own minds. There is no real objective connexion between our friends and the crutches on which they supported themselves, whether the crutches were formed of wood, or of flesh and blood. But the association is not the less sacred: and the fallacies which it may involve are such as we are anxious to disperse. We prefer that our "frail thoughts" should "daily with false surmise," and are willing to cherish any object which, by any link of association, may call up faces that were once dear to us.

The instinct, in short, is natural enough; and yet it is rather a troublesome one, and apt occasionally to defeat its own purpose. Most young people, and especially young women, are in the habit of accumulating museums of objects which have a sentimental value. They possess miscellaneous collections of odds and ends of jewelry, locks of hair, and perhaps fragments of clothing. A child's shoe may become a piece of embodied poetry, and be valued at an indefinite price. As for the piles of correspondence that are preserved till their ink is faded and their paper tat-

tered, they are enough to strike with awe the librarians of the British Museum. Any one who has accidentally disinterred an old deposit of this kind in some forgotten chest has found an admirable text for melancholy and perhaps rather cynical musing. For not only are they sad by force of the contrast between the interest which they once excited and their present want of meaning, but we cannot help asking how far they ever served their purpose. Was not even the first proprietor intolerably bored with them during his or her lifetime, and only restrained by a half-superstitious feeling from summarily consigning them to the flames? When they were first neatly arranged and put away in a sacred receptacle, it was doubtless with the intention of frequently recurring to them and reawakening old emotions. The chances are that they were never examined again, and that the sacred receptacle only asserted itself as a distinct nuisance when a change of habitation became necessary, or a lumber-room had to be cleared out. They were originally preserved as a kind of pledge that the sentiment associated with them should be permanent; and as unluckily the pledges which every one makes to himself are void of any binding force, they have survived to be merely a ghastly reminder of the smallness of the space occupied by old memories. A pile of letters may not occupy much room in a house, but it is odds that it will, after a year or two, occupy room more than proportioned to the influences of the past upon the mind of the proprietor. A person who systematically burns every letter as soon as he has received it is probably accumulating fewer reasons for regret than the person who religiously preserves them in the hope of some future effusion of pious sentiment.

Indeed it is plain enough why old associations are apt to be a bore. We have all been iovited in guide-books to be profoundly moved in a great variety of places. Far from us and from our friends must be that frigid philosophy which would prevent us from glowing with patriotism or piety at the place where the immortal Smith first saw the light of day, or where the immortal Brown sealed his sincerity with his blood. We have visited the designated spots, and found that our tears obstinately refused to flow. In fact it turned out that Smith's birthplace was exactly like an innumerable variety of other places where nobody was ever born to speak of, and that the scene of Brown's martyrdom is merely a commonplace bit of pavement

in an ordinary street. The truth is that we are making too great a demand upon our imaginations. Most of the places where remarkable events have happened are so arranged as to give us no aid whatever in reconstructing the event for our fancies. It is lucky if they are not invested with the associations which jar upon us, and make the event seem more unreal than ever. Of course there are a large number of historical scenes of which this is not true. A building which preserves the architecture of a distant period helps us to roll back the tide of time; a battle-field, if we have any military knowledge, makes the event much more intelligible to us than it could be from maps and verbal descriptions. For the most part, the manufacturers of guide-books neglect this obvious distinction. They expect us to be equally affected whether the scene is one which gives us material help in framing and colouring our visions, or is identified only in latitude and longitude with the foot of space where the interesting event occurred. And therefore we are very apt to be struck with a sudden sense of bathos, and to find our imaginations fall flat just when they ought to be most stimulated. This holds true more generally of personal than of local associations. A reverent worshipper shows you the thigh-bone of a saint. For all you can see it might have been picked up at random out of the first churchyard in the neighbourhood. If you do not happen to believe that it works miracles, it is no more interesting than any specimen in an anatomical museum. Even granting its authenticity, you cannot realize the eloquence or the piety of a martyr any more vividly because you are permitted to inspect a fragment of his skeleton. At the utmost it may tell you that he was six feet high, but that is a very small hint towards constructing a man's moral and intellectual nature.

The first question, therefore, which any one should ask who is thinking of preserving memorials is the very simple one whether they are dead or living; whether, that is, they are calculated at a future time to revive fading impressions or to be merely passive, deriving such interest as they may possess from a reflected light without intrinsic illuminating power. In the latter case they cannot, as a rule, be too soon destroyed. What is the use, for example, of preserving a document in which A. B. presents his compliments to C. D. and requests the pleasure of his company to dinner? Can you realize any more distinctly the character of either of the cor-

respondents, however remarkable they may have been in themselves? Is there not rubbish enough in the world already and sufficient material stored up to perplex the future historian of the nineteenth century? Indeed it may be said that, as a general rule, all private correspondence should be burnt. Nobody writes good letters since the introduction of the penny postage. The art is lost; and the practice of preserving the documents which now usurp the name is bidding fair to ruin also the art of biography. The life of a remarkable man is now for the most part a set of dreary scraps of utterly faded communications about trifles, connected by thin links of barren dates and dry statements of fact. A biography ought to be a literary work of art of the highest kind; it is rarely more refreshing than a blue-book of despatches. The hero, as the author asserts with mock humility, shall paint himself; and he does it by the hurried scraps of scribbling which now do duty for letters, and into which no reasonable being thinks it worth while to insert a fragment of his soul or intellect. Our reverential affection exceeds its proper bounds when it endeavours to preserve that which is essentially perishable. We feel this in all cases where custom has not deadened our perceptions. We preserve a lock of hair, but who would keep a tooth or a nail of a departed friend? There seems to be something wrong about our whole system of disposing of the dead. We have got rid of the materialist superstition which made our forefathers attach special importance to the preservation of the actual substance of which the body was composed at the moment of death; but we continue the practice to which it gave rise. Is there anything more depressing than the whole ceremony of an English funeral—depressing because it somehow environs beautiful sentiments with vulgar surroundings? The religious service is sublime, the emotions which it excites are admirable, but the ceremony is spoilt because it is made into the triumph of the undertaker. The British tradesman, in his most offensive form, forces himself upon us when we cannot resist him; we always expect the mutes to distribute scraps of printed paper amongst the bystanders, advertising the admirable arrangements by which Mr. Mould "combines economy with decency." The memory of Ophelia cannot sanctify the ceremony spoilt by the brutalities of the grave-diggers. Is not the cause of this discord to be found in the misguided importance

which we attach to the material shell of the human soul? It is not precisely agreeable to be drowned at sea or lost in a crevasse, but at least the victims of such a catastrophe have the pleasure of reflecting in their last moments that they will not give employment to undertakers or to those persons who have made the suburbs of London hideous by specimens of British sculpture.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
THE PHILOSOPHY OF COURT LIFE.

ONE is tempted sometimes to think that the result of an habitual Court life, passed among Sovereigns and those who appertain to them, is not merely to produce tastes and tendencies peculiarly its own, but to modify human nature itself. To live in the constant practice of keeping watch and ward over the expression of one's thoughts—to have perpetually in view not the desire to rise, but the object of maintaining one's position without giving offence—the necessity of making oneself pleasant and useful, yet not too pleasant, for fear of being set down as impertinent, nor too useful, for fear of exciting jealousies,—this is to live in a thoroughly artificial atmosphere, seen through which objects assume different colours, sizes, and shapes from those in which they are viewed by mankind outside the magic walls of a palace. And one consequence would seem to be not only that courtly qualities, such as secrecy, reticence, presence of mind, guardedness—a polished selfishness, in short—are valued by their owners as eminently useful, but that they come to be regarded as virtues. For a courtier to maintain favour through a long life by taking unimpeachably good care of himself, avoiding too much zeal, too much sympathy, too much effusiveness, almost as carefully as he would avoid their contraries; to give sound and honourable advice when consulted, but to shrink from volunteering it unconsulted, even when great issues might depend on its being tendered and accepted—all these specialities, which in ordinary life we should regard as characteristic of a valuable but somewhat cold friend, seem to be ranked in the courtier's code of moral philosophy as merits of the very highest order, as constituting, when taken together, the ideal beauty of the part which he is playing. There has recently been published a volume of "Memorials," extracts by a relative

from the papers of Baron Christian Friedrich von Stockmar, a name once very familiar with us in connection with the interior life of our own Royal family, and of some sovereign houses abroad. He was the valued favourite of more than one generation of those families, and in many respects he thoroughly deserved the honour. Intimately known to one ruler after another, consulted on the most important affairs, employed in the most delicate transactions, admitted behind the scenes in several of the most critical conjunctures of recent history, he was recognized throughout as a man of thorough honour and singular disinterestedness. The son of a small provincial proprietor in Saxe-Coburg, himself introduced to Court life merely through the accident of belonging to the medical profession, he earned the confidence of his employers early in life by good sense and helpfulness, and he never abused it. He neither sought for, nor obtained, the ordinary prizes of Court favour. A simple title of "Baron," which he seems to have accepted merely because it became inconvenient to move about without it, limited his acquisitions. In serious politics—in the ordinary sense of the word—he never seems to have interfered, although often suspected; except when in the latter part of his life he joined in the patriotic but useless endeavour to set up German union under the Frankfurt Parliament. But to the end he retained the warmest interest in the affairs of his illustrious patrons. He died at a very advanced age, as he had lived, in even obscure simplicity; and yet in his monumental vault at Coburg were inscribed the following words, under the direction of the Crown Princess of Prussia:—"Dedicated to his memory by his friends in the reigning Houses of Belgium, Coburg, England, and Prussia."

If we have dwelt with what may seem unnecessary particularity on the singular position attained by this confidential counsellor of modern Royalties, this was with the view of pointing the more emphatically the moral—whatever it may be worth—which we deduce for ourselves from the memorials which he has left behind him. Not only was he esteemed in the highest society of Europe as a thoroughly honest man, but he was also, it is impossible not to see, a really devoted friend to those who befriended him so truly. And yet, judging from his own revelations respecting himself, the reader could hardly come to any other conclusion than that his reigning motive throughout was a refined selfishness; that his great principle

throughout was to maintain his own position without giving offence; and that he really looked back on his well-spent life with the highest satisfaction mainly because he so admirably fulfilled this great duty to himself. At the age of little more than thirty he visited England as medical attendant to Prince Leopold, afterwards king of the Belgians. He was on terms of the closest intimacy with the Prince and with his short-lived consort, and was present during the miserable events which followed their union. He was thoroughly convinced (so he tells us himself) that the medical treatment adopted towards the Princess was unfortunate from the beginning; that a healthy young life was sacrificed to what he calls "medical hobby-riding." He saw daily and plainly the menacing consequence (we are using his own account) of that terrible mistake. Now it is certainly conceivable that a confidential physician so circumstanced — especially if young, and deeply attached to the sufferer, and zealous for his art — would have attempted anything, broken every courtly *convenance*, run every risk of being regarded as interfering out of his place, nay, worst of all, the risk of fallibility itself, rather than have seen a woman under the most painfully interesting of all circumstances — let alone one whose life was of such momentous importance — lost without opposition or remonstrance on his part. Not so Stockmar. He had made up his mind from the beginning. Nothing should induce him to expose himself to the hazards which would follow on any such interference. He would not even bleed the Princess when asked to do so in the casual absence of the proper attendant. His biographer says: —

He was not her doctor, and would not be her doctor, although it would have cost him only one word to be named so. The instinctive acuteness with which he recognized this position of self-restraint as that appropriate to himself; the clearness with which he rendered account of it to himself, the strength of mind with which he resisted all the seductions of opportunity, of good-nature, and of vanity, to relinquish that position are so characteristic of the man that we must dwell a little longer on the subject.

And he quotes a letter in which Stockmar himself thus explained his motives: —

I can only thank God (said he) that no vanity ever blinded me, but that I had constantly before my eyes the danger which would have inevitably arisen if I, conceitedly and improvidently, had thrust myself into a place in which a foreigner could not by possibility earn honour

but might earn disgrace enough. I knew accurately the rocks on which I should drift, and was well aware that national pride and contempt of foreigners would allot me no share in a happy result, and all the fault of an unfortunate one. . . . When, however, I was satisfied of the mistakes in the Princess's treatment, I gave the Prince a long lecture on the subject, and asked him to acquaint her medical men with my remarks. I am not here concerned with the result. But you perceive that I have nothing to reproach myself with. I could not and would not take any part in the honour of assisting her. I could only be prevailed on to see the Princess when the doctors had declared her condition extremely dangerous, and expressly invited me; two hours and a half only before her death.

He saw her in the agonies. She recognized her husband's friend, and called to him in her suffering, "Stocky, Stocky," as he left the room. And so all was over. And the more he thinks over the event, the more he congratulates himself upon it.

I feel only too vividly the greatness of the danger from which I escaped. Believe me, all would have rejoiced in my interference at the last moment, which could not have been of the slightest use; and the English physicians, our own people in the house, our friends, relations, the whole nation, and even the Prince himself would have attributed this calamity, which seemed so impossible, only to the bungling of the German doctor; and I might in a fit of hypochondria have myself fancied that they were right!

Now, it is no derogation to the memory of this remarkable man that he acted in the way which is here described by himself. Probably, as he says, when the occasion offered it was too late for him to be of use. He would have sacrificed himself — his popularity and his prospects — for no purpose. Whatever his confidence in his own medical views, it could not have amounted to certainty that he was right and his English brethren wrong. And self-preservation is, after all, the first law of human nature. A man might have conducted himself as Stockmar did on this occasion without any imputation on his courage or on his qualities of heart. But the singularity is, not that he should have so acted, but that he should have so thought and written of himself long after the action. He was evidently of opinion, not only that he was justified in obeying the dictates of selfish caution, but that his duty to himself absolutely required him to obey them. His prudence preserved him, in his view, not only from an error, but from a fault. He recounts an act of self-

preservation with as much satisfaction as if it had been an act of heroism.

And it is in this respect, as has been said, that it seems as if the very moral atmosphere of Courts was impregnated with different elements from those which are breathed elsewhere. The injunction "to take care of number one" seems to be elevated from a piece of ordinary advice into what theologians call a "counsel of perfection." After the decease of the Princess, Prince Leopold and Stockmar went hand in hand into the room where she lay. "He pressed me to his side, and said, 'I am now left all alone in the world; promise to stay always with me.' I promised. A little while after he reminded me of this, and asked if I was well aware of the promise I had made. I said yes; I would not leave him, *so long as I could perceive that he trusted me, that he loved me, and that I could be of use to him.*" In short, even in that moment of effusion, he took care on second thoughts to guard his promise safely. "A remarkable example," says his biographer, "how even at such a time of emotion the sceptical vein in Stockmar made itself perceptible." Something of the same vein discloses itself even in the last sad words with which the veteran adviser bids farewell (in one of his letters) to that English Royal house which he had loved so well and served (after his fashion) so faithfully:—

What I could do in the way of advice, support, and assistance in eighteen years has been done; if any of that seed has not come to ripeness it is too late to rectify the failure now. The Queen and Prince are each of them thirty-six years old. They have already learned much, and displayed throughout both good understanding and uprightness. They are grown up enough to govern themselves. There is no place for more than the mere advice of friendship. But, if such advice is to be of advantage, it must be imparted with life and energy—this is no longer possible for me; and, therefore, my advice, instead of producing the right impression, would often only produce that of weakness, over-carefulness, and nervous timidity.

On the whole, we must say that this eminent personage, honoured and valued as he was, lives in his biography and remains, chiefly to illustrate the maxim of his great predecessor Polonius, though commonly understood in a somewhat different sense—

This above all, — to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

From The Athenæum.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.*

Two of the most interesting figures of the seventeenth century, whether considered separately or in their joint relations, are the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle. "Mad Madge of Newcastle," as it was the fashion to call the second wife of the Duke, is known as the biographer of her husband, and as the author of more plays, poems, orations, and literary productions of one kind or another than are assigned to any woman of her own or any preceding age. Her works have not stood high in popular estimation. In spite of this, the editions of them have been absorbed into the libraries of collectors, until, at the present moment, they may rank among rarities. Few readers have had the courage to dip into the folios the Duchess poured forth with indefatigable zeal. Charles Lamb, with his insatiable taste for seventeenth century literature, commented upon her poems, but he even shrank dismayed from her plays. Campbell did not include her in his specimens. Hallam knows her not, and no modern collection of works or specimens of poets of which we are aware makes mention of her name. In days more closely approximating her own, her rank, doubtless, stood her in stead. Langbaine devotes several pages to a catalogue of her writings, and a criticism upon them, speaking of her as the "admirable Dutchesse." Winstanley, in his "Lives of the most Famous Poets," fails to give her a separate place, but divides pretty equally between her and her husband the space he nominally allots the Duke. Walpole, of course, includes her in his "Noble Authors," and Ballard gives, in the "Memoirs of Celebrated British Ladies," a *résumé* of her Autobiography. For practical purposes her writings are unknown, the reprint, by Sir Egerton Brydges, of a portion of her "World's Olio," being, if anything, rarer than the original edition. Mr. Lower's edition of her Autobiography, and her Life of her husband, will serve to awaken interest concerning her writings generally. So much freshness, *naïveté*, and candour, characterize the Autobiography of the Duchess, readers can scarcely fail to have a measure of curiosity concerning her other works. Disappointment is the certain

* *The Lives of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, and of his Wife, Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle.* Written by the thrice Noble and Illustrious Princess, Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle. Edited, with a Preface and Occasional Notes, by Mark Antony Lower, M.A. (J. R. Smith.)

result of a quest in this direction. Eminently superficial are the literary qualities of the Duchess which interest modern readers, and a very slight taste of her works administers all the gratification they are capable of affording. Her plays are the most formidable productions ever put forth under the title.

Naïve as the old miracle plays, and almost as coarse, tedious as the mysteries, and long enough to constitute, in representation, an entire performance in a Japanese theatre, they are not redeemed by a single genuinely dramatic quality. Five acts are wholly inadequate to her Grace, not to exhaust her plot, for with that portion of a play she does not greatly trouble herself, but to expound the moral lessons with which her mind is stored; and her dramas are not seldom in two and even three parts. Her characters are mere abstractions, their names denoting the part they are supposed to play. The list of *dramatis personæ* in her comedies form ordinarily the most amusing portion of them.

In the first part of the "Lady Contemplation," we have, for instance, such characters as Lord Title, Lord Courtship, Sir Experience Traveller, Sir Fancy Poet, Sir Golden Riches, Sir Effeminate Lovely, Sir Vain Compliment, Sir Humphrey Interruption, Mr. Adviser, Dr. Practice, Roger Farmer, Old Humanity, The Lady Conversation, The Lady Virtue, Lady Amorous, Mrs. Troublesome, Moll Meambred, and others in plenty. Scenes are introduced for no purpose but to exhibit the humours of these various characters. Thus, the Lady Conversation meets Sir Experience Traveller, and discusses with him the effect of heat and cold upon the intellectual and physical faculties; and Lady Contemplation entertains Sir Fancy Poet with allegories that unite the most extravagant conceits of Euphuus and his England to the interminable pastoralizing of the Arcadia. Not seldom the entire action of a scene, when action is necessary, is explained by the stage directions, which are eminently full, and the conversations proceed independently of the action. The speeches are of enormous length. Everything done by the Duchess is, indeed, on the largest scale. Her first volume of plays has no less than ten separate addresses to the reader, besides a poetical dedication, a prologue in verse, and an explanation in prose. These addresses are explanatory, apologetic, didactic, and controversial. Ben Jonson appears to have been the model of the Duchess, as he was of all the most tedious writers of the age. For Shakespeare, Beau-

mont and Fletcher, she has a word of approval, and she conjures her readers with some modesty not to compare her verses with those of these masters. A reason for their inferiority which she advances is funny:—

But Noble readers, do not think my Playes
Are such as have been writ in former daies;
As Johnson, Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher
writ;
Mine was their Learning, Reading, Language,
Wit;
The Latin phrases, I could never tell,
But Johnson could, which made him write so
well.

Some foretaste of matters that have made a stir in modern times is shown in one of the plays, "The Female Academy," wherein the experiment of the Princess Ida, described by the Laureate, is anticipated. A nearer approach to interest than is elsewhere attained is reached in this piece, in which the attempt to found a University with "prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans," is depicted. This play is, perhaps, unique in the language, in having no specified or individualized characters. The list of the *dramatis personæ* is made up of two grave matrons, two or three ancient ladies, two or three citizens' wives, and a company of young gentlemen and others.

Much praise, accompanied by some sneers from the more libertine of her contemporaries, has been bestowed upon the Duchess for propriety of language and decorum. Her reputation, however, in this respect, seems to have been rather cheaply purchased. The piety of the Duchess is as unquestionable as her love for her husband; but, accompanying both, are a boldness of investigation and a habit of calling a spade a spade, which render her works wholly unsuited to general perusal. Passages occur in her writings which, for genuine unsavouriness, may compare with anything to be found in the "admirable Astræa" or the "matchless Orinda," and one or two references seem inspired by the Cloacinian muse of the Queen of Navarre.

In judging the works of the Duchess of Newcastle, it must be remembered that the habit of composition was at that time rare among females of quality. Lady Juliana Barnes, Margaret Countess of Richmond, Margaret Roper, the daughter of Sir Thomas More, and more than one of our English Queens, had written sufficient verse or prose to entitle them to a place in the catalogue of authors. The publication of volume after volume of plays,

poems, and essays was still a novelty, and the eccentricity of such a course must have had something to do with acquiring for the Duchess her unenviable appellation.

No such worship as the Duchess accords her husband is to be found elsewhere in literature. Her affection and admiration for her spouse reached a point in which her own individuality seems merged and lost. She is nothing except for and through him. What in body and mind are of value she prizes on his account, and her pedigree is a source of pleasure to her as bringing her nearer him. One whole section of the life of the Duke is occupied with the enumeration of his virtues and accomplishments. Nothing appears to this faithful scribe and follower too small to be noticed or too unimportant to be chronicled. We learn thus concerning him, that "he shifts ordinarily once a day, and every time when he uses exercise, or his temper is more hot than ordinary." Concerning his diet, she informs us that —

"He makes but one meal a day, at which he drinks too good glasses of small beer: one about the beginning, the other at the end thereof, and a little glass of sack in the middle of his dinner; which glass of sack he also uses in the morning for his breakfast, with a morsel of bread. His supper consists of an egg and a draught of small beer."

In pronouncing upon his moral excellencies, she unites to wifely affection and admiration the kind of reverence that the Cavalier noble, the believer in divine right, felt for the king: —

"His behaviour is such that it might be a pattern for all gentlemen, for it is courtly, civil, easie, and free, without formality or constraint, and yet hath something in it of grandeur that causes an awful respect towards him."

Her estimate of his literary power is whimsically high. "She may," she says, "justly call him the best lyric and dramatick poet of this age." Extremely naïve and attractive is the account given by the Duchess of her own "birth, education, and life." In no contemporary book do we get such an insight into the manners of the gentry as is here supplied us. The picture of domestic serenity, unruffled until the all-disturbing influences of war drove the sons into the battle-field and the daughters into exile, is thoroughly charming:

"As for the pastimes of my sisters when they were in the country, it was to reavie, work, walk, and discourse with each other; for though two of my three brothers were married, my

brother the Lord Lucas to a virtuous and beautiful lady, daughter to Sir Christopher Nevil, son to the Lord Abergavenny, and my brother Sir Thomas Lucas to a virtuous lady of an ancient family, one Sir John Byron's daughter; likewise, three of my four sisters, one married Sir Peter Killegrew, the other Sir William Walter, the third Sir Edmund Pye, the fourth as yet unmarried; yet most of them lived with my mother, especially when she was at her country-house, living most commonly at London half the year, which is the metropolitan city of England; but when they were at London, they were dispersed into several houses of their own, yet, for the most part, they met every day, feasting each other like Job's children. But this unnatural war came like a whirlwind, which fell'd down their houses, where some in the wars were crushed to death, as my youngest brother, Sir Charles Lucas, and my brother Sir Thomas Lucas; and though my brother Sir Thomas Lucas died not immediately of his wounds, yet a wound he received on his head in Ireland short'ned his life. But to rehearse their recreations. Their customs were in winter time to go sometimes to plays, or to ride in their coaches about the street to see the concourse and recourse of people; and in the spring time to visit the Spring-garden, Hide-park, and the like places; and sometime they would have musick, and sup in barges upon the water; these harmless recreations they would pass their time away with; for I observed they did seldom make visits, nor never went abroad with strangers in their company, but only themselves in a flock together, agreeing so well, that there seemed but one mind amongst them: And not only my own brothers and sisters agreed so, but my brothers and sisters in law, and their children, although but young, had the like agreeable natures and affectionable dispositions; for to my best remembrance I do not know that ever they did fall out, or had any angry and unkind disputes. Likewise, I did observe that my sisters were so far from mingling themselves with any other company, that they had no familiar conversation or intimate acquaintance with the families to which each other were linkt to by marriage, the family of the one being as great strangers to the rest of my brothers and sisters as the family of the other."

Still more delicious is the account of her introduction to the Duke, and her powerlessness to resist his advances. Her courtship, as she herself describes it, is something like the wooing of Amy Robsart by Leicester in "Kenilworth." Her position was then Maid-of-Honour to the Queen: —

"But my mother said, it would be a disgrace for me to return out of the Court so soon after I was placed; so I continued almost two years, until such time as I was married from thence; for my lord the Marquis of Newcastle did approve of those bashful fears which many condemn'd, and would choose such a wife as he

might bring to his own humours, and not such an one as was wedded to self conceit, or one that had been temper'd to the humours of another; for which he wooed me for his wife; and, though I did dread marriage, and shunn'd mens companies as much as I could, yet I could not, nor had not the power to refuse him, by reason my affections were fix'd on him, and he was the only person I was ever in love with: Neither was I ashamed to own it, but gloried therein, for it was not amorous love, I never was infected therewith, it is a disease, or a passion, or both, I only know by relation, not by experience; neither could title, wealth, power, or person, entice me to love; but my love was honest and honourable, being placed upon merit, which affection joy'd at the fame of his worth, pleas'd with delight in his wit, proud of the respects he used to me, and triumphing in the affections he profest for me, which affections he hath confirmed to me by a deed of time, seal'd by constancy, and assigned by an unalterable decree of his promise; which makes me happy in despite of Fortune's frowns; for though misfortunes may and do oft dissolve base, wilde, loose, and ungrounded affections, yet she hath no power of those that are united either by merit, justice, gratitude, duty, fidelity, or the like; and though my Lord hath lost his estate, and banish'd out of his country, for his loyalty to his King and country, yet neither despised poverty, nor pinching necessity could make him break the bonds of friendship, or weaken his loyal duty to his King or country."

Concerning her own nature and feelings, the charming little Philistine is thoroughly open. Utterly powerless is she to withhold anything she knows or thinks. In a flux of words she informs us how honest, truthful, modest, and virtuous she is,—how, when "she places a particular affection," she loves "extraordinarily and constantly, yet not fondly, but soberly and observingly; not to hang upon them as a trouble, but to wait upon them as a servant,"—how she is bashful, ambitious, and lazy, afraid to hear a "pot-gun" or see a drawn sword, unable to kill a fly or endure the groans of a wounded animal. The self-drawn picture is, in fact, that of Madam Engletyne, as described by Chaucer. Almost in the very words of Chaucer, the Duchess informs us how

wel i-taught was sche withalle,
Sche let no morsel from hire lippes falle
Ne wette hire fyngres in hire sauce deepe;

or how

Sche was so charitable and so pitous
Sche wolde weepe if that she saw a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.

Her lord, whom she so delights to honour, appears to have borne with equanimity this

weight of adoration and adulation. He is chiefly known in literature by his "*Methode et Invention nouvelle de Dresser les Chevaux*," first published in Antwerp in 1657, and since frequently reprinted. His interest in the *manège* of horses was, indeed, next to his zeal for his king, his most distinguishing characteristic. His comedies, which are now very scarce, are not without touches of humour. On the whole, however, there is little to distinguish the Duke from the "mob of gentlemen who write with ease." Some of his sayings, as preserved by his Duchess, are thoughtful. His views upon the subject of witchcraft are beyond his age. On this point and on other matters, he seems, according to the account of the Duchess, to have influenced Hobbes, certainly the most original thinker of the day. His maxims of statecraft are at times Machiavellian. At times, however, his views extend far ahead, in advance even of modern statesmanship. He might have anticipated recent legislation when he said, that "many laws do rather entrap than help the subject."

For the value of the picture of the civil war in the north of England it presents, and for the interests of its private revelations, this reprint is valuable. The title-page of the volume from which the memoir of the Duchess is taken describes aptly the contents of the work. It is so amusingly like the famous description of plays by Polonius, it is difficult to regard the resemblance as accidental. After giving the first title "*Nature's Pictures*," and the name and style of the author, the title-page continues:—

"In this Volume there are several feigned stories of Natural Descriptions, as Comical, Tragical, and Tragi-Comical, Poetical, Romantical, Philosophical and Historical, both in Prose and Verse, some all Prose, some mixt, partly Prose and partly Verse. Also there are some Morals, and some Dialogues, but they are as the advantage Loaves of Bread as a Baker's Dozen; and a true Story at the latter End, wherein there is no feining."

The whole character of the Duchess is legible in this quaint, extravagant, and preposterous title-page.

From *Natura*.

DANISH EXPEDITION TO THE FAROES.

THE United Steamers Company (*forenede Dampskibsselskab*) in Copenhagen, having got a grant from the Government for

the exploration of the Faroe coal-fields, is about to send an expedition to these islands, for the purpose of scientifically examining into the extent of the coal-fields in the north of Süderoe, and discovering in what manner coals may be best transported from that island to Copenhagen.

Besides having in view commercial purposes, the expedition will be accompanied by men of science, who will investigate the natural history of these little-known islands. The Government has asked Prof. Johnstrup to visit the different coal-fields on the sou hern island, and to investigate the geological features. The managers of the steam company, represented by Consul Koch, have also kindly allowed the writer of these lines to accompany the expedition for zoological purposes.

The geological features of the islands are best known from Forchhammer's researches, published in the "Transactions of the Danish Society of Science" (1828). The rocks of the Faroes are for the greatest part of volcanic origin, dolerite-porphry being found in large masses in all the islands. Coal sediments are only to be seen in the south (Süderoe), and in the little islands of Myggenäs and Tindhölm. To what formation these beds belong has not been cleared up, as fossils have hitherto not been discovered. But as the coal-fields of Iceland and Greenland, in which fossil plants have been found, belong to the miocene-tertiary period, it is very probable that those of the Faroes belong to the same formation. The researches which now are to be made by Prof. Johnstrup and his assistant, Cand. Geisler, will, we hope, throw further light upon the nature of these deposits.

The fauna of the islands, as far as the vertebrates are considered, was already tolerably well known at the beginning of this century, as may be seen from Landt's

"Beskrivelse over Faeröerne," published in 1800. The only wild mammals inhabiting the interior of the islands are a few species of the genus *Mus*, which follow man's steps wherever he goes. But the shores of the Faroes are visited by a large number of *Pinnipedia* and *Cetacea*, from the capture of which the inhabitants have every year a good profit. The birds—those inhabiting the rocks of Store and Lille Dimon, as well as those of some of the other islands—have been made known by Graba, and so far as they also occur in Iceland, by Faber. Later publications, especially by Swedish authors, are well known to have thrown much light on the natural history of these inhabitants of the north. Reptilia and Amphibia do not occur at all in the Faroes; but fishes of various species come to the shores and ascend the rivers in considerable numbers. They have been collected with great zeal by Sysselman Müller, of Torshavn, who has sent a list and specimens of all the species known to him to the zoological museums of Copenhagen. The lower animals are less known; we have lists of echinoderms and molluscs by Lütken and Mörch, and we know something about the worms from the investigations made there by Prof. Oscar Schmidt, who for a short time visited the Faroes. The writer of these lines hopes to gather further information about the lower animals by dredging on the shores of the islands; and, while collecting the fishes for the Munich Museum, he will continue his researches into the natural history of their parasites.

The expedition will leave Copenhagen early in September, and, when returning from the Faroes, may perhaps pay a visit to a Scottish port.

RUD. V. WILLEMOES-SUHM.

Copenhagen, Sept. 4.

PERMANENT SHADE FOR GLASS HOUSES.—A correspondent of the *Garden* says:—The best permanent shade for plant-houses is linseed oil and sugar of lead, in the proportion of about a teaspoonful of the lead to a quart of oil; but the exact tint must be governed by the amount required. Therefore apply the lead gradually, and prove it upon a few pieces of waste glass until you get the tint desired. The *modus*

operandi is this: first wash the glass thoroughly clean, and then (having previously prepared the oil and lead), on a dry clear morning, take the oil and paint as thinly as possible over the glass with an ordinary paint-brush; then follow with what the painters call a dust-brush, loose and quite dry, and, dabbing it gently on the oiled portion, impart a frosted or ground-glass appearance to it. Public Opinion.